

The Elks *Magazine*



MARCH, 1935

CENTRAL EDITION

Paul Gallico ~ Odgers T. Gurnee ~ John R. Tunis

Let's go to New Orleans for dinner tonight



TONIGHT, in your own home, enjoy one of the biggest features of a New Orleans dinner—the famous Mardi Gras cocktail.

Only don't try to make this cocktail with ordinary whiskey. Make it as New Orleans makes it, with genuine old-fashioned *American* whiskey. With *Four Roses Whiskey*!

For here is whiskey smooth as a Louisiana lullabye—with the mellow heartiness that has always distinguished the finest *American* liquor. Four Roses is made by the slow, costly *old-fashioned* method, and has that special flavor that comes only from Kentucky and Maryland limestone water.

Insist on Four Roses at your store.

Have your drinks made with it at hotels and restaurants—and enjoy the finest mixed drinks ever made.

Frankfort makes a whiskey for every purse: PAUL JONES, *Antique*, *Old Oscar Pepper*, *Mattlingly & Moore*, *Shipping Port*.

"IRVIN S. COBB'S OWN RECIPE BOOK"—nearly 100 selected recipes. Send 10¢ in stamps to Frankfort Distilleries, Dept. 462, Louisville, Ky.

To Make a Mardi Gras Cocktail

Into a heavy mixing glass, put 1 lump of Sugar, 2 dashes Angostura Bitters and 2 dashes Peychaud's Bitters. Crush Sugar. Add 1 jigger Four Roses Whiskey and cracked ice, and stir. Now into chilled cocktail glass put 1 dash Absinthe (or Pernod). Roll Absinthe about glass and throw away. Into this glass strain mixture from mixing glass, squeeze twist of Lemon Peel on top, and serve.

FOUR ROSES WHISKEY

MADE BY FRANKFORT DISTILLERIES OF KENTUCKY AND MARYLAND

America's largest independent distillers



Look at the new low prices . . .
 Prove the greater operating economy
and as for the performance

DECIDE WITH A RIDE



CHEVROLET has *always* specialized in giving extra value. But never before has Chevrolet offered such big and outstanding values as these fine Chevrolets for 1935. The *New Standard Chevrolet* . . . powered by the improved Master Chevrolet engine . . . setting a new high in Chevrolet performance, stamina and reliability. And the new *Master De Luxe Chevrolet* . . . beautifully streamlined . . . longer and notably lower in appearance . . . the Fashion Car of the low-price field. Here, indeed, are *values that excel all previous Chevrolet values*. You can

see the low prices . . . the lowest ever placed on cars of such high quality. You can prove the greater operating economy. For tests show that the new Chevrolets give even higher gasoline and oil mileage than did last year's models. And as for performance . . . well, there's only *one* thing we ask you to do . . . *decide with a ride!* You will experience getaway—power—and smoothness so extraordinary that you will be happy to confirm the wisdom of the statement: Choose *Chevrolet* for quality at low cost. May we suggest that you drive one of these new Chevrolets—*today?*

CHEVROLET MOTOR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN

Compare Chevrolet's low delivered prices and easy G. M. A. C. terms. A General Motors Value

THE NEW STANDARD CHEVROLET

\$465

AND UP. List price of New Standard Roadster at Flint, Mich., \$465. With bumpers, spare tire and tire lock, the list price is \$20.00 additional. Prices subject to change without notice.

THE NEW MASTER DE LUXE CHEVROLET

\$560

AND UP. List price of Master De Luxe Coupe at Flint, Mich. \$560. With bumpers, spare tire and tire lock, the list price is \$25.00 additional. Prices subject to change without notice. Knee-Action optional at \$20.00 extra.

CHEVROLET for 1935

CHOOSE CHEVROLET FOR QUALITY AT LOW COST



The Elks Magazine

NATIONAL PUBLICATION OF THE BENEVOLENT
AND PROTECTIVE ORDER OF ELKS OF THE UNITED
STATES OF AMERICA. PUBLISHED UNDER THE
DIRECTION OF THE GRAND LODGE BY THE NA-
TIONAL MEMORIAL AND PUBLICATION COMMISSION

"To inculcate the principles of Charity, Justice, Brotherly Love and Fidelity;
to promote the welfare and enhance the happiness of its members; to
quicken the spirit of American patriotism; to cultivate good fellowship. . . ."
—From Preamble to the Constitution, Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks

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MARCH, 1935

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Cover Design,
"The Pony Express,"
by Robert E. Lee

This Month

PAUL GALLICO, author of "You Try It," (Page 10) is Sports Editor of the New York *Daily News* and an indefatigable experimenter in the field of sports. Himself a licensed pilot, he has flown with Al Williams, ridden with Gar Wood in *Miss America* at 126 miles an hour, raced a car at the Indianapolis Speedway, practiced with the major league baseball teams at camp and sampled a sock on the chin from Jack Dempsey. He rowed on the Columbia Varsity Crew, played football in the Navy, and will try anything once. When he tells you that something is tough, it is because he has tried it. He can ride, swim, shoot with rifle or pistol, play golf and tennis, ice skate, play handball and ping pong. He has done all these with experts—just to see what they felt like.



Paul Gallico

WE would also call your particular attention to the magnificent declaration of faith and patriotism by Grand Exalted Ruler Michael F. Shannon on Pages 4 and 5. The significance and timeliness of his message cannot be over-emphasized. Ever since the day he assumed the leadership of the Order his great campaign of Pro-Americanism has been gathering increasing force and effectiveness. Now that it has crystallized—now that the eight-point Legislative Program, with its hundreds of thousands of signatures, is about to be presented to Congress—the time has come for an intensive membership drive that will swell the ranks of Elkdom with a huge body of red-blooded patriots, all dedicated to the upholding of the Constitution and of American principles.

What a wonderfully fitting and well deserved tribute to the Grand Exalted Ruler it would be if, during this month, every single member of the Order brought in one new—or reinstated one former—Elk in appreciation of Michael F. Shannon's history-making campaign!



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The best Gin
used to come from
England Now
America makes
Gordon's too —



THE HEART OF A GOOD COCKTAIL

The Elks Are Coming!



GRAND LODGE

BENEVOLENT AND PROTECTIVE ORDER OF ELKS

To the Officers and Members

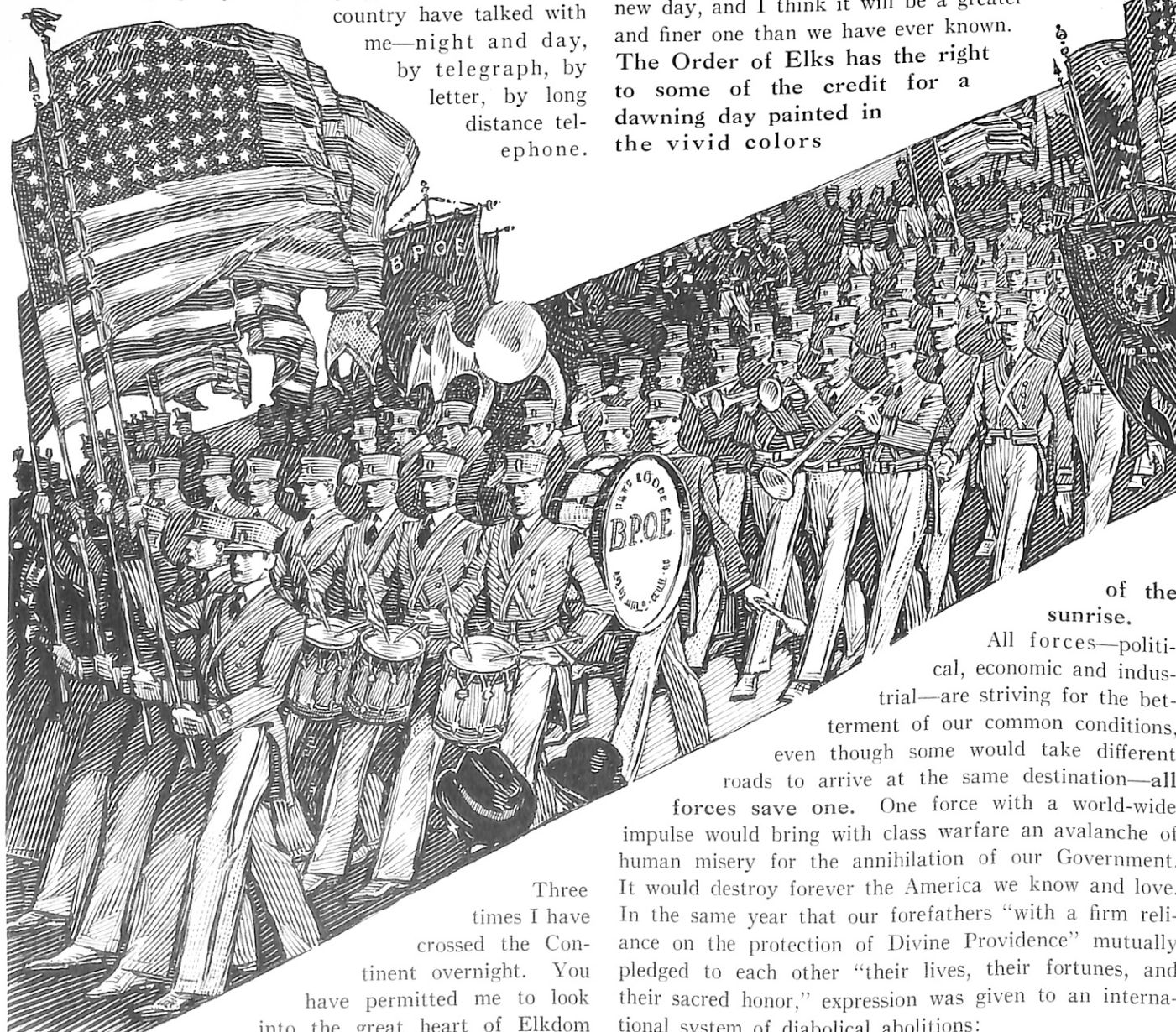
Los Angeles, California

MY BROTHERS:

March 1, 1935

FIVE hundred thousand Elks in the thirteen hundred and sixty-nine American cities—imbued with militant patriotism, practicing friendship and radiating good fellowship—will build a greater America. In July, 1934, that was a prophecy. Since July, Elks all over the country have talked with me—night and day, by telegraph, by letter, by long distance telephone.

and I have found it good. Because you have placed me in the pilot's seat for our Fraternity, I have seen our country from a vantage point and with a thoroughness that is accorded few men at this time. I believe I can see the dawn of a new day, and I think it will be a greater and finer one than we have ever known. The Order of Elks has the right to some of the credit for a dawning day painted in the vivid colors



of the
sunrise.

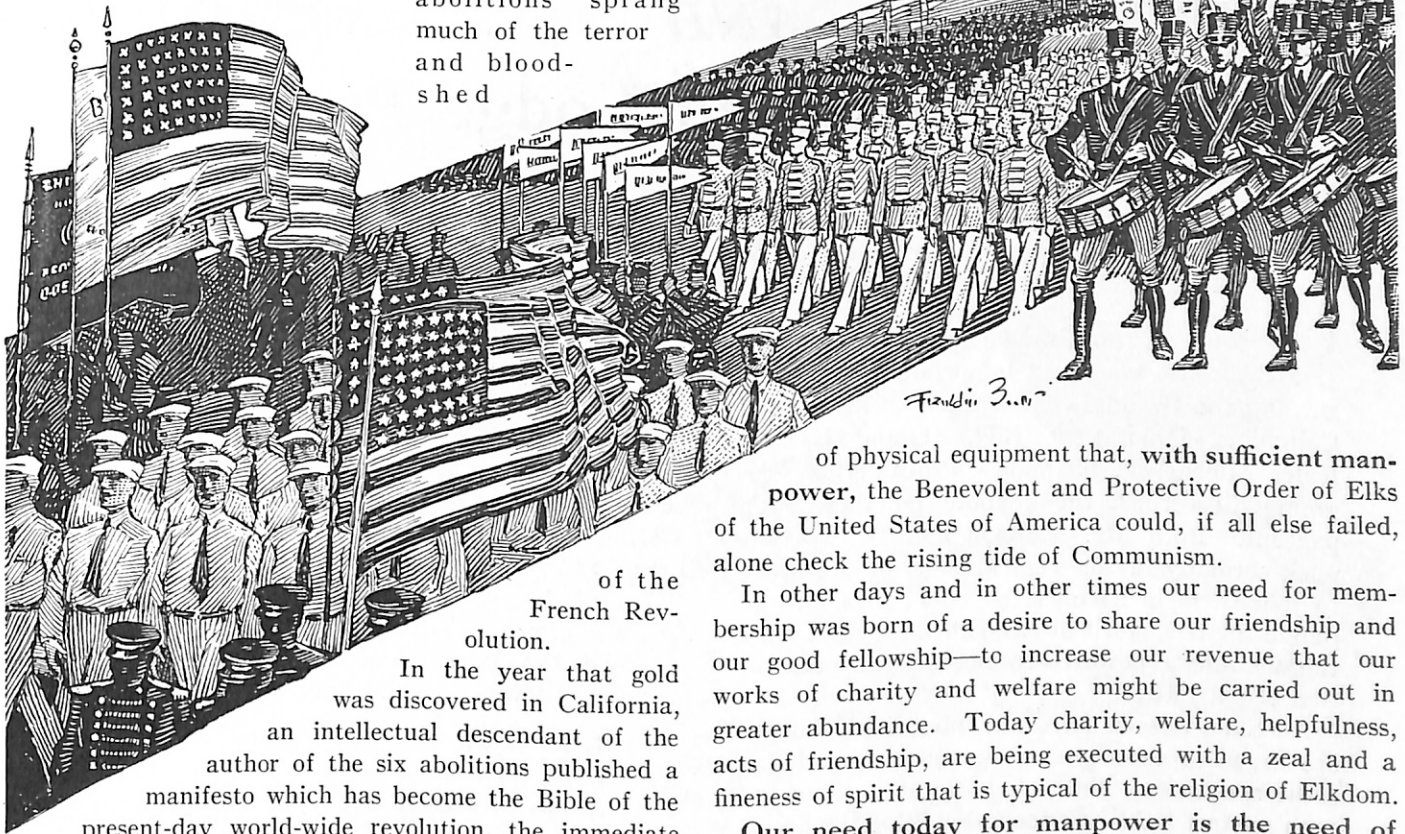
All forces—political, economic and industrial—are striving for the betterment of our common conditions, even though some would take different roads to arrive at the same destination—all forces save one. One force with a world-wide impulse would bring with class warfare an avalanche of human misery for the annihilation of our Government. It would destroy forever the America we know and love. In the same year that our forefathers "with a firm reliance on the protection of Divine Providence" mutually pledged to each other "their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honor," expression was given to an international system of diabolical abolitions:

Three times I have crossed the Continent overnight. You have permitted me to look into the great heart of Elksdom

1. Abolition of all ordered government.
2. Abolition of private property.
3. Abolition of inheritance.
4. Abolition of patriotism and love of native country.
5. Abolition of family (i.e., of marriage and all orthodox morality, and the institution of the communal education of children).
6. Abolition of all religion.

From the ranks of a society that had espoused the cause of those six abolitions sprang much of the terror and bloodshed

the World War. We believe the present need is almost as great. We are not fighting this battle alone. We are marching shoulder to shoulder with other patriotic organizations. But Providence, or Fate, or Destiny, has given our Order such a tradition, spirit and distribution



of the French Revolution.

In the year that gold was discovered in California, an intellectual descendant of the author of the six abolitions published a manifesto which has become the Bible of the present-day world-wide revolution, the immediate objectives of which can be epitomized in his one sentence—"our purpose can only be achieved by the overthrow of all social order."

Our generation has given birth to two powerful fanatical leaders with a dream of world domination, one of whom is still alive. They adopted the manifesto of 1848 and translated the creed of hate into a program of action. In a country comprising one-sixth of the earth's land surface and containing a great part of the present existing natural resources of the world, their program is crushing beneath an iron heel the spirituality of one hundred and fifty million human beings.

The greatest cunning and the most terrific force of the movement to destroy the existing social order is being directed against this Country of ours, because the living brains of red revolution believe that with the destruction of our democracy their fanatical dreams of world dominion will be on the threshold of accomplishment.

Since the American flag was first draped upon our altars, the Order in every city where an Elks Lodge exists has been a citadel of Americanism. This year our Order has thrown its full strength into a patriotic national program with the same zeal and fervor with which it threw its efforts into the cause of our Country at the time of

of physical equipment that, with sufficient manpower, the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks of the United States of America could, if all else failed, alone check the rising tide of Communism.

In other days and in other times our need for membership was born of a desire to share our friendship and our good fellowship—to increase our revenue that our works of charity and welfare might be carried out in greater abundance. Today charity, welfare, helpfulness, acts of friendship, are being executed with a zeal and a fineness of spirit that is typical of the religion of Elkdom.

Our need today for manpower is the need of our country—not alone for the glory of the Banner of the royal purple and the spotless white; but for the Banner of the red, the white and the blue.

The people of the United States of America today—the home-loving, country-loving, God-fearing people—are looking to the Elks as patriots have never looked to a national fraternity before.

I call upon every able bodied man with the love of this Order in his heart to give every hour of his surplus time from this day forward to the 31st day of March, 1935, for bringing into our ranks the men who are willing to think, the men who are willing to plan, the men who are willing to preach and the men who are willing to fight for the United States of America.

Sincerely and Fraternally,

W. Charles Shannon
Grand Exalted Ruler



The kind of Parade that reflects credit on its sponsors

AND

One that discredits its participants as well as the organization they represent

The 1935 Grand Lodge Parade Will Feature an Historical Pageant of States

ON January 21st Grand Esquire Dr. Edward J. McCormick issued an important bulletin regarding the Grand Lodge Parade to be held in Columbus, Ohio, next July. Grand Exalted Ruler Michael F. Shannon's Pro-America Program will furnish the keynote for this year's pageant. Both Mr. Shannon and Dr. McCormick cordially invite every member of the Order to join them in a concerted effort to show the public the true spirit of Elksdom through making this Parade a never-to-be-forgotten demonstration of patriotism.

All State Associations and subordinate Lodges are urged to contribute their share toward this great spectacle. Time is short; it is none too soon to start right now toward making the necessary arrangements. Secretary C. W. Wallace of Columbus Lodge will be glad to attend to the construction of floats. Through his offices sketches and estimates may be secured promptly upon the receipt of instructions.

It is recommended that each State Association arrange for a float which will symbolize an outstanding event in the State's history. For example, Pennsylvania might be represented by a float featuring William Penn; Texas might re-create the Alamo; Illinois might show Lincoln in his cabin, or Kentucky might depict a significant scene from the career of Daniel Boone.

Secretary Emil Hirtzel of Elizabeth, N. J.,

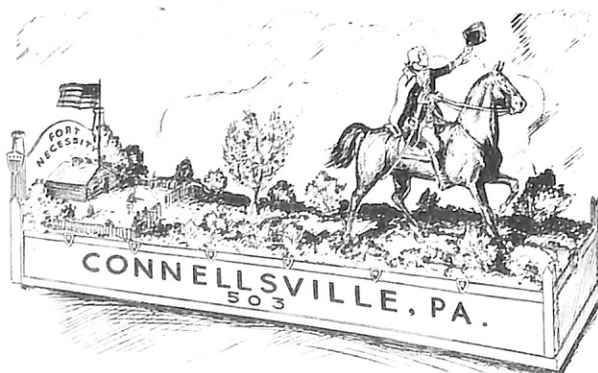
Lodge, is assisting Grand Esquire McCormick in connection with the important matters of suitable and inexpensive uniforms. Here, the Grand Exalted Ruler's and the Grand Esquire's desire is that a wide variety of colorful costumes be chosen.

Colonel W. H. Duffy of Columbus, Ohio, Lodge—an experienced soldier and parade official—will head the Columbus Parade Committee. In order that this pageant may be fully worthy of the Order and of its 1935 Pro-America slogan, the following rules have been issued:

1. *Strict decorum and dignity*
2. *Uniform dress*
3. *Ladies permitted on floats only*
4. *No drilling in the line of march*
5. *No colored attendants*
6. *No clowns—no comedy*

From coast to coast a unanimous demand has arisen for a huge demonstration of which not only every member of the Order, but also every patriotic citizen of the land, will be proud. To this end, the foregoing rules will be strictly enforced.

Communicate your Lodge's wishes with regard to its float to Secretary Wallace as promptly as possible, and at the same time notify Grand Esquire McCormick (at 1403 Jefferson Avenue, Toledo, Ohio) that your Lodge and your State will be represented.



Drawn by Fred Wadlick

Connellsville, Pa., Lodge, No. 503, will present as its float historic Fort Necessity, where, in 1754, Washington made a gallant stand against the French. In the foreground Washington is rallying forth for a parley with the enemy. Many State Associations and Lodges will feature local historic events in their floats



by
Odgers
T. Gurnee

Illustrated by George Howe

*There was a sound—a deep hum,
like a bee. The girl jumped.
“The clavichord!” she said*

Skip Tracer

I SAW a picture in the paper this morning. It was one of those ship news photos, of a big, fine-looking man and a beautiful woman. The caption underneath it said:

William M. Lovejoy, American *charge d'affaires* at Athens, and Mrs. Lovejoy, as they returned for home leave.

It gave me a big kick, just looking at it, because it sent me back to the time when I first met Bill Lovejoy.

I was living at that time in a hotel near the East River and I used to spend a lot of time on the old pier at the foot of 42nd Street. It wasn't exactly a beautiful vista, with a slaughter house to the north, a power plant to the south and the big city prison on Welfare Island ahead.

But it was a good spot for me. In the first place, I was looking for something, and in the second place I had a lot of thinking to do. I always could concentrate better when I was looking at water.

It was around noon, I guess, when I first noticed this youngster. He'd been sitting on the stringpiece reading the morning paper, and when he got up quickly and looked around with a sort of puzzled frown, I took a gander at him more or less out of force of habit.

He was a good-looking kid about five-eleven, with this crisp chestnut hair the girls like to poke fingers through, and he had blue eyes.

He must have felt my look on him, because he stopped peering around at the clerks and butchers loafing in the sun

and came over to me, holding out the paper. I saw it was the want ad. section.

"Excuse me," he said, and he grinned a little. "Can you tell me what a skip tracer is?"

I played dumb. "I don't get you," I said, because it occurred to me there might be some special reason for this lad picking me out from the dozen or so other folks on the wharf. You see, there was a gold badge in my pocket at the time.

"It's a job of some sort," he said. He sat down beside me and pointed with his finger to an advertisement:

Skip Tracer wanted. Five dollars a locate. Mr. Marescu, 221 East 41st Street.

"Not much dough in that," I said, still stalling.

He grinned again. "You're right," he said, "but it's all relative. Any money, for example, is a lot more than no money."

I took a look at his tweed suit. It cost a hundred and a quarter if it cost a dime. He caught the look and picked me up on it.

"Pay no attention to the gaudy label," he said. He sighed and got up slowly, tapping the folded paper against his knee. "I think I'll take a crack at this thing anyway."

It was his headache and not mine, and with the job I had on hand I had no business tipping my mitt to any one. But there was something about this boy that got under my skin. I called him back.

"Sit down," I said, "I'll tell you what a skip tracer is. He's a guy who locates people who bought a lot of furniture or

what-not on time and then moved away without leaving a forwarding address for the bill collector."

He studied that for a moment and then his face brightened. "It's like being a detective, isn't it? A commercial detective?"

"I wouldn't know about detectives," I said, a little short, but he didn't seem to notice. He was standing up again, shaking with nervous energy like a race horse.

"I think I can do that," he said. "I'm going over there."

"Okay," I said, and I gave him a wave of the hand. "My regards to the widows and orphans."

I HAD a little business down at the Federal building next morning and then I wired Washington to see if they had a line on a handsome kid with curly hair and blue eyes. I was in my hotel changing clothes when one of the Chief's secretaries called me to say "No, they didn't, but he sounded interesting." I hung up a little sore. They shouldn't let frills mix with the Department of Justice.

It was middle afternoon before I got to the wharf and the sun was somewhere the other side of the Chrysler Building, when the kid breezed up and tapped me for Skull and Bones or something. At any rate, he hit me a friendly lick on the shoulder that scarred me for life. You see, I carry a special .38 in a shoulder holster under my left arm, and he smacked me right on top of it.

"I got the job," he said, but I didn't pay much attention.

I was trying to do a little fast thinking, and the thing on my mind was this: Had the kid given me that slap to find out whether or not I was carrying a gat, or—

But I had to admit that if he was a phoney, he was a smooth one. He plopped himself right down beside me and hauled a half dozen cards—filing cards—out of his pocket.

"I made five bucks already," he said. "A gent named Cohen who went south with a golden oak dining-room set."

I didn't say anything. I just let him rattle along.

"It's fascinating work," he said, and he stuck one of the cards in front of my face. "Look at this one. A girl with yellow eyes runs away with a clavichord."

"A what?" I said. That was new to me. He made a motion with his hands, like he was playing tunes. "It's a kind of piano," he explained.

Personally, I had my work to do, and beautiful gals who went on the lam with pianos were no part of my job, so I got up and stretched and tried a little heavy sarcasm.

"Well, well," I said, "what will they think up next?" I started to walk away. But that didn't stop him. He grabbed my arm. "Don't go," he said. "You've got to help me celebrate. Come over to my place and have a drink with me."

I took a good gander at him then. I could see myself being knocked on the head in some hallway, and the East River is a very sweet spot to toss the corpus delicti. There was a lot about this guy that still needed explaining.

He had a man by the coat collar. "Grab his arms," I said, and I threw my flash on him. I heard Bill gasp. "It's Marescu!" he said

But I went.

He lived up in the East Forties, what they call the Turtle Bay section. It was one of those old brownstone houses with an English basement and big old-fashioned, high-ceilinged rooms. It had been cut up into apartments and he lived in the first floor rear. There was a big fireplace with a marble mantel on one side of the room and about two grand worth of furniture.

I spotted a big chair against the wall in the far corner and I went over to it in a hurry and sat down. It looked like a good spot for the pay-off.

"You got a nice place," I said, "but it smells."

He was wheeling a thing like a tea wagon across the carpet.

"Smells?" he said. He looked puzzled for a minute and then he broke into a laugh and lifted a tantalus out of the wagon. "As we used to say in England, it must be the drains."

He waved his hand toward the bottles. "Sotch or rye?" he asked. I said: "Scotch."

He poured a good hooker. "And on the side?"

I crossed my arms and hitched the Roscoe where the butt was handy.

"A little explanation," I said.

"Explanation!" He looked blank.

"Exactly," I said. "You're practically at the point of starvation. You got a million-dollar wardrobe and you dive in a high-priced layout like this. Further, you pick me out of a dozen other guys to get pally with. What's the gag?"



He told me. And even after I got back to the hotel a couple of hours later and took it apart and put it together again, it still made sense. Here's the yarn:

He was an orphan and all the cash he had coming from his folks was tied up in these educational endowments. He had to go to school to get it. So he went. He went in America, England and Switzerland. Then he came home, to Washington, to prepare for a job in the diplomatic service. He passed everything. That is everything but the physical. He had a weak heart—crew at Oxford, so they tossed him out.

Now he was living in this Turtle Bay place because his aunt and uncle who owned it were on the Riviera, and he was given free lodging if he'd act as renting agent.

There was no pay involved. Just a place to lay his head in return for showing the apartments to prospective tenants.

He still had hopes of getting past the physical, and being a diplomat.

I was still thinking about him when the phone rang. It was Washington, and the message was red hot. I caught the next train south and met the chief in Baltimore. For three days I was like a guy snatching at brass rings on a merry-go-round—Baltimore, Philadelphia, Boston. When I got back to New York the afternoon of the fourth day I was a little dizzy from the whirl, but I had the brass ring. I'd found what I'd been hunting for three weeks—the name of a gent who had a quarter of a million dollars' worth of heroin and marihuana. The name was M. Marescu.



I didn't go back to the hotel. It was important now that I have a hide-out, and besides I wanted to see the kid, because, if you'll remember, it was Mr. Marescu who had hired him to trace skips. So I went to Turtle Bay.

Lovejoy met me with a big grin but I didn't give him a chance to talk. "I'm in a hurry," I said. "I want the address of the guy who hired you."

He quit grinning then. "Come in my place," he said, and when we were inside he shut the door. "There's something funny about that," he told me then. "Marescu's disappeared."

I sat down. I felt a little bit sick.

"Tell me about it," I said.

It didn't take long.

It seems the kid had found the piano girl in a cold-water flat on 145th Street and had high-balled down to this office on 41st Street and it was locked. The janitor tells him nobody's been in for two days. That was two days ago and there's been no sign of Marescu since.

I was sitting there feeling pretty sore when I heard a woman's footsteps clicking across the floor above—and then the sound of music. It was funny music, too, muffled and something like an old piano that hasn't been tuned for a long while, and yet the tune was all right.

The kid jumped up.

I was on my feet, too. "Wait a minute," I said. "What is this?" And when he didn't answer for a minute, I began to get suspicious. "Listen," I said, "is that a clavichord?"

"Yes," he said, and I give you my word he blushed.

"I went back—to 145th Street. The clavichord was on the sidewalk. The landlord was throwing her out for not paying her rent. I brought her here."

I didn't say anything, but he read my mind.

"No," he said, "it's not like that. She's a grand kid and she's in a tough spot."

I just grinned at him and pretty soon he grinned back. Then we both laughed. "Let's have a drink," he said. "The rye is all gone—will you have Scotch or Scotch?" I had Scotch.

"Bill," I said, "it's time for me to show my hand." I took the gold badge out of my vest pocket and showed it to him. "I'm looking for Marescu. He's mixed up in a big racket—a very big racket. And he's looking for this girl. There's something more to it than just a few bucks on an unpaid bill."

He looked worried. "Do you think she's in danger?" "If Marescu's after her," I said, "she's probably in plenty of it."

"I'll do all I can," he answered. "What do you want?"

We had a short one on the strength of that. "I want to rent the English basement here," I told him. "And I want a private key to the basement door and the back door. And I want to meet this girl."

SHE wasn't playing when we knocked and there was some delay before she let us in.

"I'm sorry," she said. "I was just fixing tea." I took a quick look over toward the screen that hid the gas plate. I could see a little skillet on the stove. There was one egg in it. I couldn't see anything else to eat. One egg—and it was six o'clock!

Bill was introducing me: "Mr. Kennedy—an old friend—Miss Waring."

I've seen a lot of beautiful dolls and most of them look just like that—like dolls. But this girl had something—spark, fire—or whatever you want to call it and then she was beautiful to boot. I nodded toward the clavichord. "I heard you playing," I said. She nodded and I saw her eyes go to Lovejoy's face with a look of question in them. I pretended not to notice and went on. "I'm furnishing an apartment, and I've been trying to find something of the sort. I'd like to buy it."

She started perceptibly and one hand went out and rested against the polished wood. "No," she said. "I couldn't. It's not for sale."

She faded a little then, but I could see that bright spark behind those topaz eyes. "It was the only thing I could salvage when I was forced"—she hesitated—"when circumstances forced me to give up my home. It was my grandmother's" she added. (Continued on page 50)

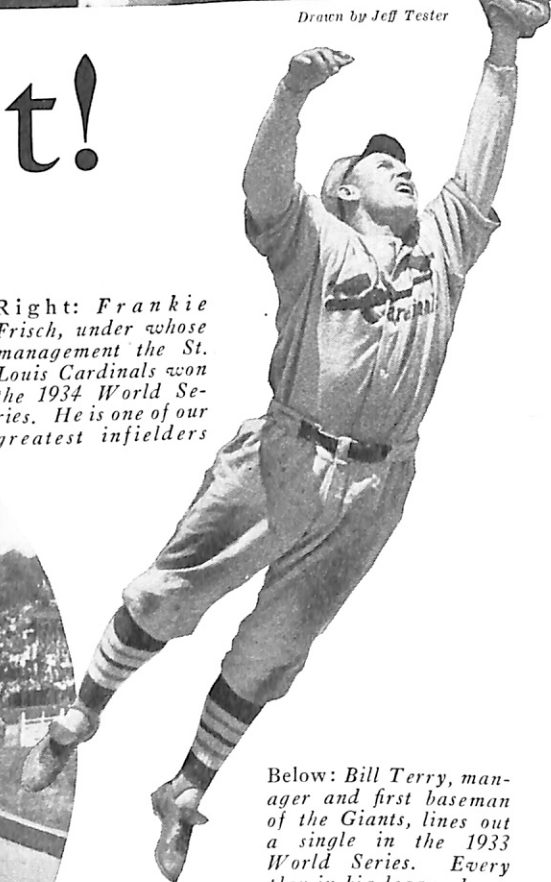


Drawn by Jeff Tester

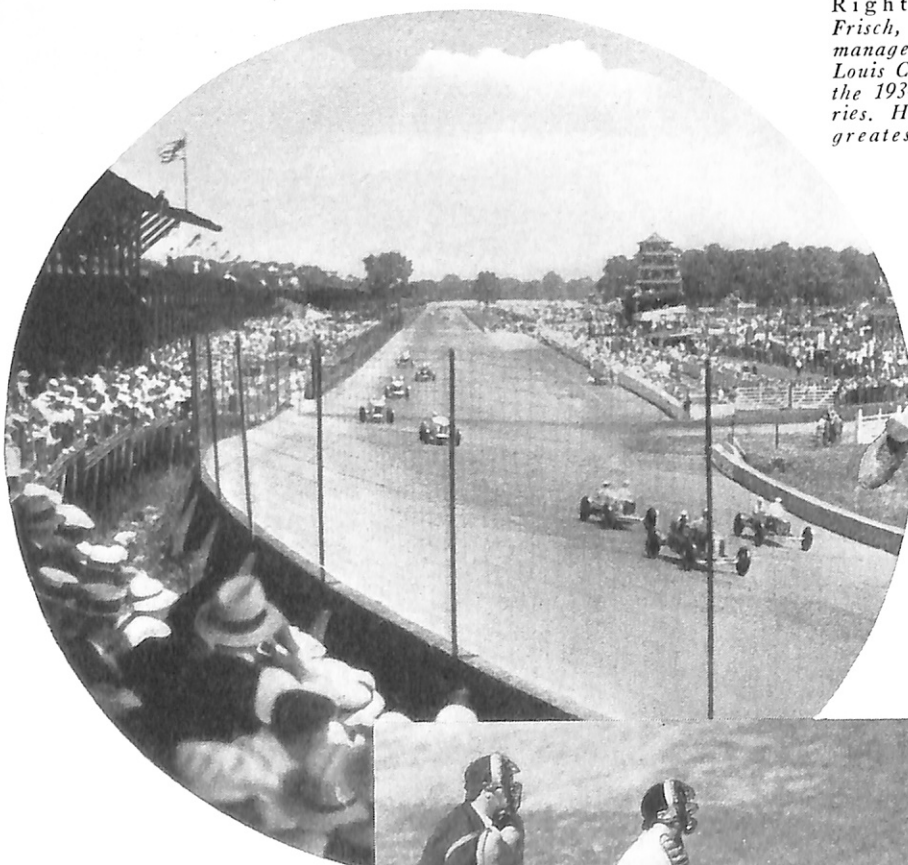
You Try It!

by Paul Gallico

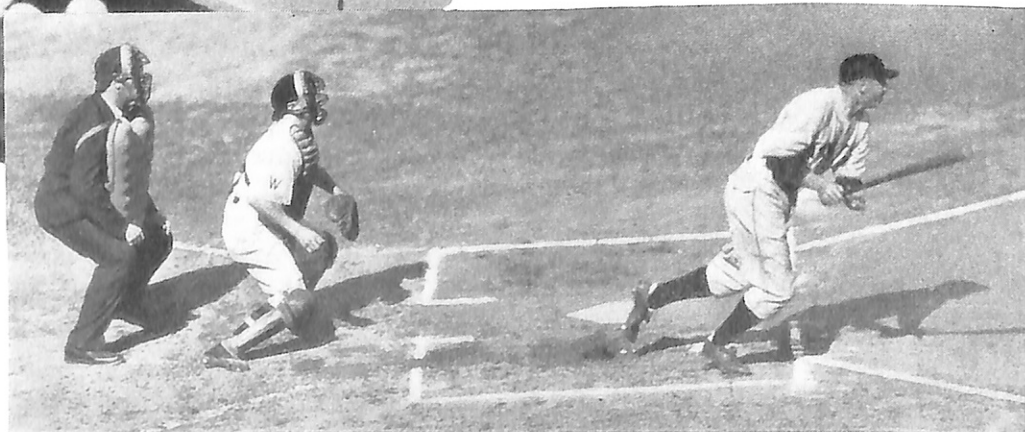
Right: *Frankie Frisch, under whose management the St. Louis Cardinals won the 1934 World Series. He is one of our greatest infielders*



Below: *Bill Terry, manager and first baseman of the Giants, lines out a single in the 1933 World Series. Every play in big league baseball is a revelation in strength, speed and superhuman judgment*



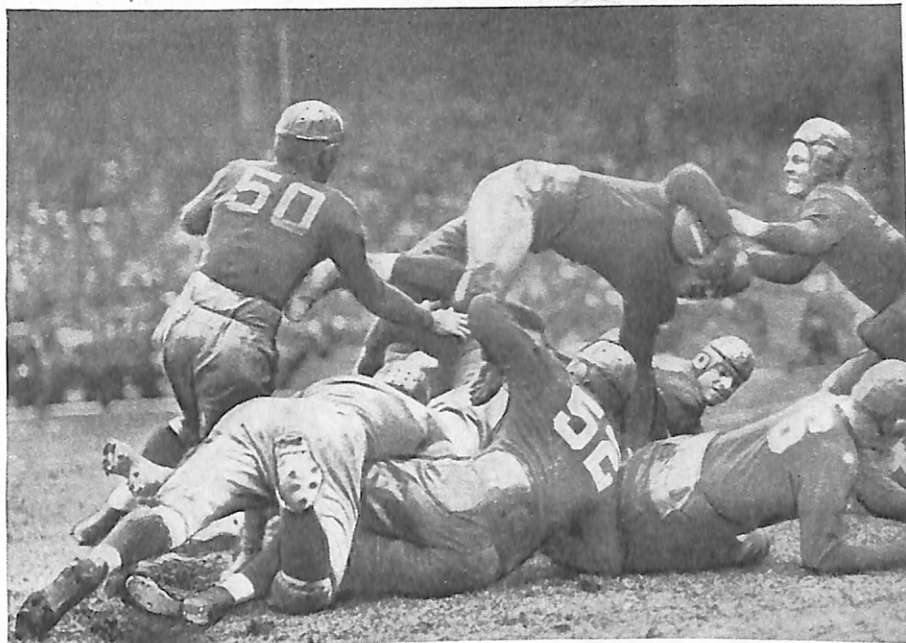
Above: *The 500-mile automobile race held last Decoration Day in Indianapolis, in which "Wild Bill" Cummings beat Mauri Ross. Few of the 150,000 spectators who cheered in the stands had any conception of what the drivers went through in that grind*





Above: Buzz Borries, 1934 All-American Navy halfback, being tackled by Notre Dame's men. Few appreciate the constant battering a back takes

Left: Bobby Jones' facial expression during championship matches was due not to aloofness, but to the nerve-wrecking strain of these severe contests



BILL TERRY is at bat. The Giants are a run or so behind. Two are out, two men are on base. This is the time for a winning hit. The ball flashes over, Terry swings his bat. There is a muffled crack. The ball spins up into the air, a pop fly, and sinks into the hands of the second baseman. The stands growl and grumble and complain. You turn to your neighbor and say sarcastically: "Can you beat that? What a chump. And that guy is supposed to be a hitter. Did you see that? A pop fly! Say, I could have done better than that."

Uh-huh! You could, eh? Well, you try it!

A fighter is knocked to the canvas and lies thrashing on the floor. At ten he is on one knee, looking foolishly at the referee as he is counted out, and the crowd yells: "Oh, you bum! You dog! You quit! You're yeller! You coulda got

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up. Don't kid us! Go on, get up and fight!" Perhaps you found yourself up on your seat contributing to the remarks.

Mmm! Ever experiment with the sensation?

The milers are wheeling around the cinder path or the indoor track. They pound into the stretch, the leader opens up a gap. The second man pursues him, reaches his elbow, struggles, fails, drops back, the gap widens. . . . The race is over. What was the matter with that second man? He had the leader! Booo! Quitter! He should have passed him. No guts. He won't do.

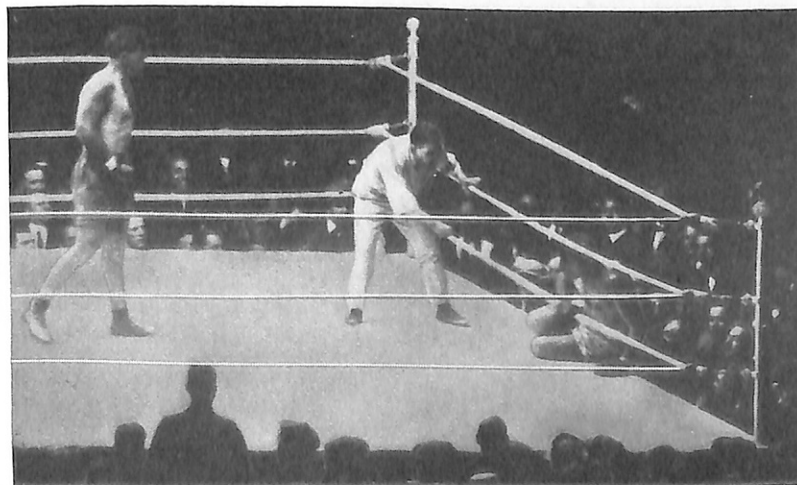
Ever run a mile? You try it!

At the last 500-mile automobile race on Decoration Day at Indianapolis, "Wild Bill" Cummings in a cream-colored racer was leading Mauri Ross in a rakish, low-slung, black car by five seconds at the 450-mile mark. First the cream-colored car would sizzle past the grandstand and almost immediately the long, low, piratical black thunderwagon hove into sight with a roar and a rumble in the greatest stern chase in the history of the grind. Gradually Cummings, the winner of the race, increased his lead. The black car dropped further and further back. A spectator snorted loudly: "Huh! Ross lost his nerve!"

Lost his nerve? Ross? How many of the 150,000-odd at that track knew what Cummings and Ross and all the rest of the drivers had been through on that harrowing five-hour grind of noise, hot oil, gas fumes, rattle, clatter and roar, nerve strain and violent physical beating. The mystery to me is how those men ever complete the task of driving those thunderwagons around the uneven brick surface of the track at the average speed of better than 104 miles per hour for 500 miles.

For two hundred laps, from ten o'clock in the morning until shortly before five in the afternoon, the racing drivers live in a maniac's dream, a world that tears by insanely in a maelstrom of noise, hurtling grandstands, distant walls and buildings that leap at them from down the track at the rate of two miles a minute. They strap themselves up to keep their internal organs in place and hurl themselves around a two-and-a-half-mile path with two curves at each end, seared by hot oil and burning air, choked by gas fumes, pursued by roaring monsters on all sides.

The wind, a malevolent, relentless enemy, plucks at their arms and heads and shoulders in a nerve-wrecking, never-ending suction. As they spin around the curves, leaning far out the sides of their cars, centrifugal force plucks at their innards.



Left: Jack Dempsey climbing back into the ring after Firpo had clouted him through the ropes in their world title match in 1923. None but a real champion could come back as Dempsey did then. He had the price to pay for victory

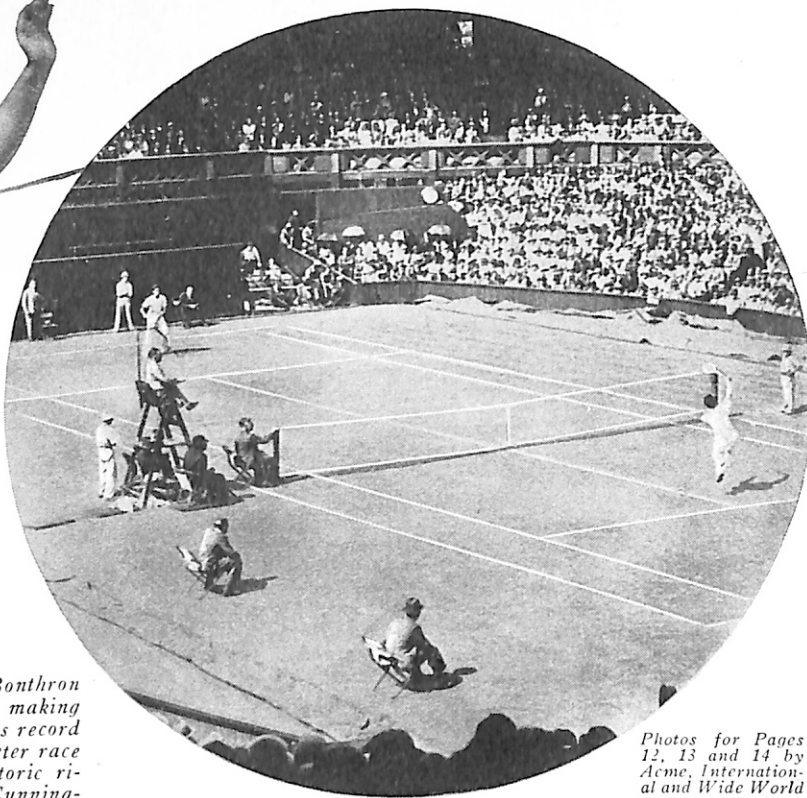


Left: Bill Bonthron of Princeton making a new world's record in a 1,500-meter race with his historic rival, Glen Cunningham of Kansas University in the Milwaukee meet last year

Unless they are in perfect physical shape they cannot possibly stand the constant beating they take in the narrow seats of the practically springless cars. They bump, bounce and skid off the brick surface. Every minute unevenness in the track is magnified a hundred fold at that speed. The cars are small and narrow, some of them so much so that it is impossible for either the driver or the mechanic if they are large men to sit straight in them. Spattered by red hot grease, battered and beaten, the world a rushing smear—a red ribbon that unwinds beneath them—they drive at top speed tense and on the ragged edge every second, where one fractional instant of relaxation or carelessness would mean immediate death by concussion or immolation in flames.

For four hundred and seventy miles, Ross had been going through this hell, and because he couldn't catch the speeding Cummings in the last thirty miles, a man who would probably

Below: Fred Perry winning the Davis Cup for Great Britain at the tennis matches at Wimbledon last year. The United States player, F. X. Shields, is shown in the background. The last set score in this gruelling match was 15-13

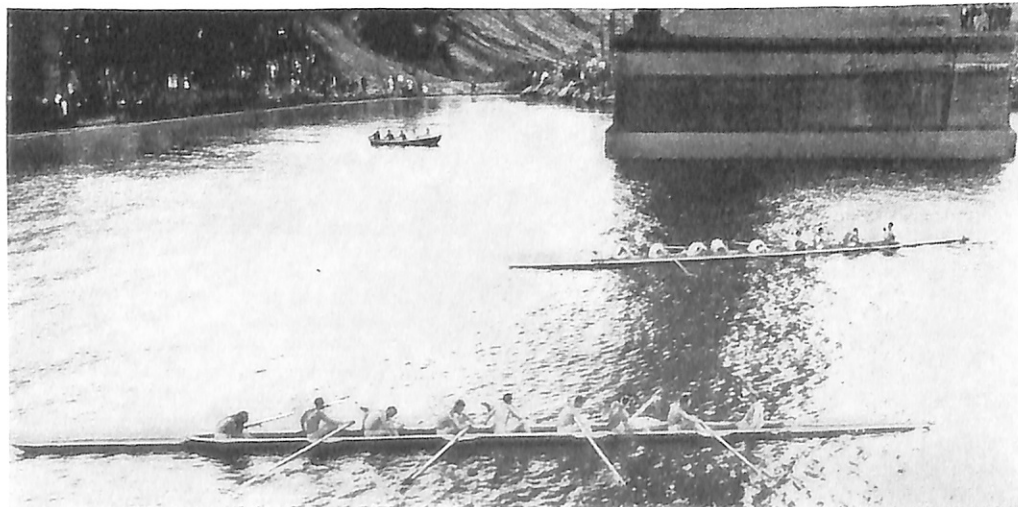


Photos for Pages 12, 13 and 14 by Acme, International and Wide World

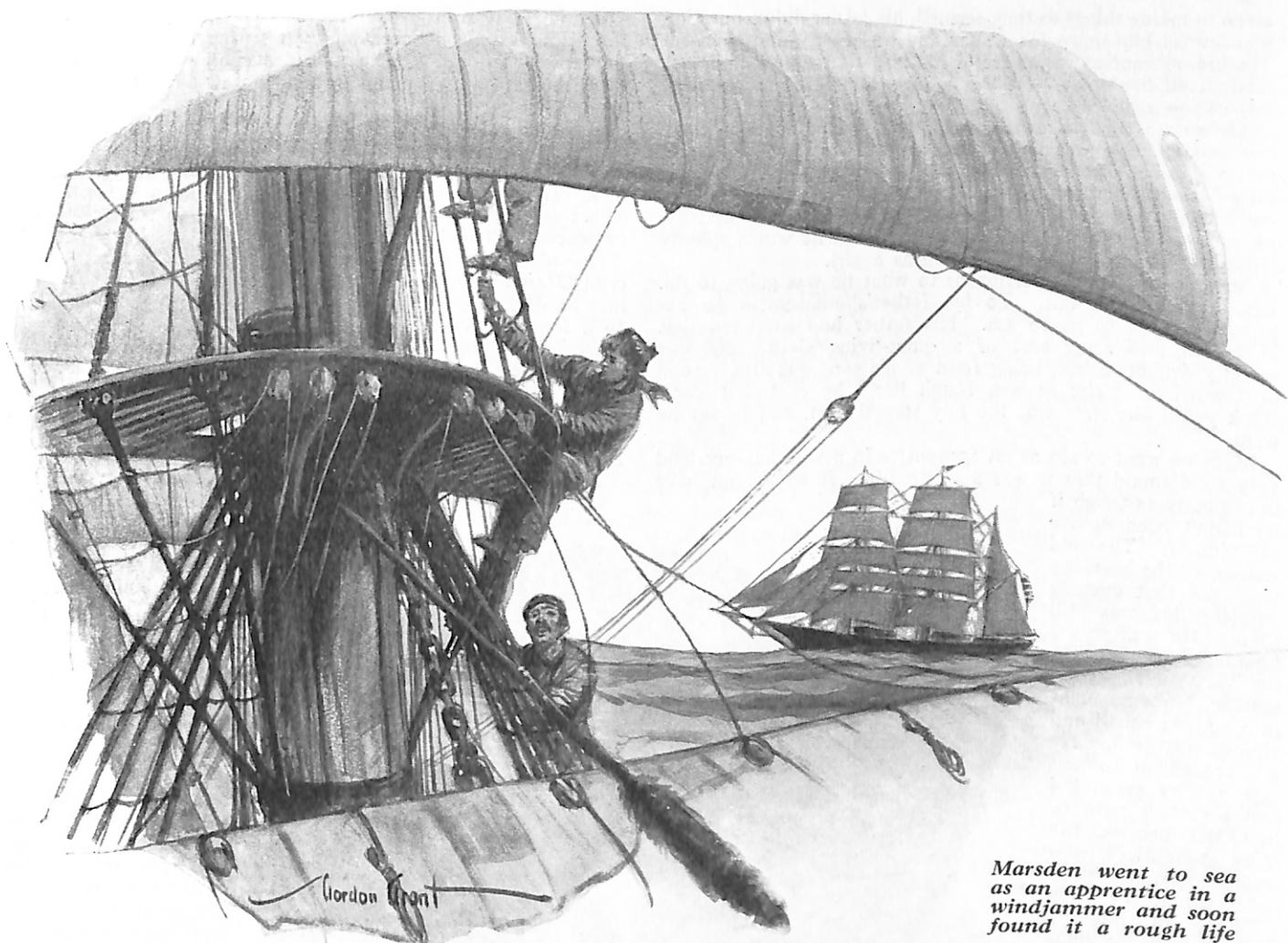
yell at a taxi-driver for turning a corner too fast, concluded that he had lost his nerve. YOU try a speed ride and see what it is like to travel so fast on land, water or air that the air becomes a solid wall and your being rattles around in your husk like a dried kernel in a shell.

There is no smoke, fire or thunder on a golf course, no danger, no physical shocks or bruises. The scene is a placid countryside with green, rolling lawns, white gleaming sand traps, velvet greens with gay pennons fluttering from pins stuck in the center. The players, shrouded in respectful silence, march down avenues of spectators in peace and quiet, stopping every so often to strike a small white ball off a little wooden peg or where it lies in the grass. An ache in the calf of the leg, a twinging bunion, a tiny blister on the palm of the hand, are the sum total of the physical jeopardy to which contestants in any big tourney are exposed. But who but a topnotch golf contender can tell of the mental purgatory into which the players descend en route from first tee to national championship and the harrowing nervous strain to which they are exposed?

The very delicacy of certain phases of the game inflicts far greater nervous strain and mental anguish on the contestant than if he were faced with a dangerous situation into which he could charge bravely, and more or less blindly, to victory or destruction. Golf is a cockeyed game anyway, and (Continued on page 47)



Left: After the Harvard-Yale Varsity boat race in 1933. Note the signs of exhaustion shown by both the victorious Harvard crew in the foreground and the Yale eight behind them. The man in the eight-oared shell has a private inferno all his own



Marsden went to sea as an apprentice in a windjammer and soon found it a rough life

Thoroughbred

by Bill Adams

Illustrated by Gordon Grant

MARSDEN was five years old when the thing that came near wrecking his whole life happened. He'd be mad if he knew of my telling you about it. But I'm going to anyway. You might get a tip from it.

Marsden's father was an army officer, lately retired. Since his retirement he'd been off on a hunting trip. Marsden had hardly ever seen him for more than a few days at a time. They were almost strangers. And now, excited over his father's homecoming, the kid was cutting up. He was a lively little tyke, always high-spirited and chock full of mischief. It was in his blood and breeding. His grandfather had been skipper of one of the old California gold clippers, his great-grandfather skipper of a whaler out of New Bedford.

Marsden didn't know that his father's baggage and hunting trophies had arrived already, and been taken to his room. While the nurse girl was trying to wash him and get him ready for bed he wriggled and squirmed like a tadpole. He hadn't got a mother, or I'd probably not be telling this story. "You look out or a great big bear'll come and eat you up!" warned

the nurse girl. With a squeal of disdain he wriggled free from her. He darted from the room, across the hall, and flung wide the door of his father's room opposite. It was a customary trick he had at bedtime and the nurse girl had been expecting it. The lamplight shone into his father's room and full upon the bed. And on the bed, with its ferocious eyes looking right at him, with its red maw wide open and its great fangs gleaming, lay a monstrous bear. How was the kid to know that it was only a bearskin, a trophy of his father's hunt?

Too terrified to move, Marsden stood stock still; frozen with fear. Cowed clear through. Give a well bred colt or pup a beating and you ruin it for life, eh? It's the mongrels that haven't any nerves to speak of that don't care, and soon get over brutality. A man child reacts in pretty much the same fashion as a colt or a pup.

When he came home next day Marsden's father found a shy, hesitant kid instead of the impudent little romper he'd expected. He couldn't understand it. The kid didn't confide in him, for thoroughbreds have a habit of keeping their troubles to themselves. Being a rough, hearty sort of man

given to taking things as they seemed, his father didn't question him but set him down for a sissy and was vastly disappointed. The kid, of course, was aware of his father's feelings, and that made it all the worse. He was a little bundle of raw nerves, and no one realized it.

There's no need to dwell on Marsden's childhood or early boyhood. When you find a high-strung sensitive kid it's a pretty safe bet that he's brainy. It's the dumb ones that don't feel. He went through his school days well liked by his teachers but ragged by his school fellows because of his shy, nervous ways. By the time he was eighteen he was a spindly lad, all arms and legs; and bashful as a girl.

And now came the question as to what he was going to do. His breed popped out. To his father's amazement he expressed a wish to go to sea. His father had supposed that he'd turn into some sort of a quiet-living clerk. He was secretly delighted, but, being fond of his son, was also a good deal worried. "The sea's a rough life," he said. "I don't think you'd like it." But the boy stayed firm, and to sea he went.

Marsden went to sea as an apprentice in a windjammer, and very soon found that it was a rough life. It would not have been nearly as tough if he hadn't been unsure of himself. The old shadow of the bear, the fear that that evening had instilled was still there. He was still a bundle of nerves. On his very first day at sea the ship was caught in a sudden squall and almost capsized. He was scared, of course; just as any green lad had a perfect right to be. But because the older apprentices, who were seasoned, were not scared, he was ashamed of himself. They laughed at him, as old hands always do laugh, for his evident fear; and that made it a heap worse, of course.

Next time a sudden blow came along and ripped a lot of sails to ribbons he was scared again, but this time he managed not to show it. In secret he hated himself for what he considered his cowardice. And it was nothing of the sort, of course. Any green kid is entitled to be scared till he gets shaken down! He kept his troubles to himself, and his comrades set him down as a queer fish because of his moody silence. Behind his back they laughed, and said, "He'll never make an officer." The ship's mate thought the same, and one day said to him, "What the devil did you ever come to sea for, Marsden? You ain't cut out for an officer! You're too confounded dumb. Who d'ye think's ever going to obey orders from a fellow like you?" That made Marsden right miserable.

Marsden's first voyage was miserable all through. Once he had grown used to the routine of sea life he managed well enough in so far as sailing was concerned; and, blow high or blow low, did his work with the rest. But he lived in continual fear of something happening that would show him up for the coward that he thought he was. His days were torture. And yet, when the ship came in, it never entered his head to quit the sea. He sailed on a second voyage, and then on a third. He saw others quit the sea, plenty of them. His eyes remained shy, his manner deprecating. And often his fellows and his officers said amongst themselves, "That chap Marsden's wasting his time. He'll never make an officer."

No one ever had the least idea of what was really the matter

with him. He went round the Horn and while doing so got down amongst the ice and was half frozen for days at a time. He experienced calms beneath the blazing sun of the tropics, went short of water, lived on coarse salt fare, and was half roasted. But it wasn't physical sufferings that he felt. It was mental suffering only; that continual fear that he show himself to be the coward that he thought he was. A mate said of him one day, "He's like a stone. Nothing seems to faze him. If he had any go to him he'd make a cracking fine officer some day. But no one's ever going to follow the sort of officer he'll make."

One night on his third voyage Marsden was awakened by the cry, "*Man overboard!*" Of all the watch below he was the first on deck and at the ropes, and he was perfectly cool, too. In a few minutes the ship was stopped and the lifeboat sent away. The night was inky. By the glimmer of a lantern hung in the rigging he saw the pallid faces of the crew. A sailor near him asked, "Did anyone hear Jim yelling?"

Another sailor answered, "Jim weren't the sort to get rattled. There was no yell in Jim. He'd never yell and help the sea to choke him."

After a while the boat was back, and soon, with the man who had fallen overboard saved, the ship was on her way again, and Marsden was back in his bunk. But he couldn't sleep. How would he have behaved out there alone in the dark sea, he wondered? Would he have screamed in useless terror, and so have helped the sea to choke him?



"Please don't get excited, ladies and gentlemen!" he exclaimed. "There's lots of time if you all do as you're told"

ONE morning at daybreak the other apprentices were talking of their futures. They had spent two hours at hard work amongst the sails just before the dawn broke, and were resting a bit before starting the regular day's work. One said that he was going into one smart liner company, and another said that he liked another company better. "How about you, Marsden?" asked one.

Marsden replied shyly, "I don't know." The others all laughed.

The one who had questioned him, said, "He hasn't got any stuffing in him." Marsden's face went fiery red.

"Well, don't get sore about it," laughed the speaker. "You're a poor dumb egg and you can't help it." And then Marsden's breed popped out. He struck the speaker. They fought like two dogs and were still at it when the bell struck and it was time for Marsden to go to the wheel. One of his eyes was closed. His lips were cut and swollen. With no time to remove the signs of battle he had to hurry to the wheel. The skipper saw him as he came to the poop.

"Who've you been fighting?" demanded the skipper. Marsden made no answer. It wasn't in him to give a comrade away. So the skipper snapped, "Get to the wheel!" and called the mate to the poop. "Two of the apprentices have been fighting," he said to the mate. "You know it's against my rules. You'll see that they're punished."

When Marsden left the wheel the mate ordered him to take off the fore peak hatch, and when the hatch was off ordered him down it. "Down there for you! I'll fix you," he growled. The apprentice with whom Marsden had fought he ordered to the masthead.

With Marsden down the fore peak, the mate clapped the

hatch on. Marsden found himself in total darkness. The stagnant air was heavy with the smell of bilge water. He was tired from two hours steering in a fresh wind, for the ship was a hard one to steer, and to handle her took every ounce of her helmsman's muscle. For two hours before he went to the wheel he had been hard at work amongst the sails. And he had missed his breakfast. The apprentice at the masthead was a lot better off. He hadn't had to steer for two hours as Marsden had. He could breathe clean air, and before going to the masthead he'd managed to sneak into the half-deck and grab some sea biscuit.

Marsden sat down and buried his face in his hands. And suddenly a wild lurch of the ship sent him sprawling. He got to his knees and tried to hear what was happening on the deck above. All he could hear was the creaking and groaning of the ship's timbers all about him. She was lying over at a great slope. She must be going to capsize, it seemed. He found his way beneath the hatch and tried to open it. He couldn't. He shouted, and no one heard him. With the ship caught in a sudden gale all the crew were hurrying to get sail off her. The mate had forgotten all about him, as had everyone else. Terror came over him. He was going to drown like a rat in a trap. Hours passed, and at last, exhausted, he fell asleep. He was still asleep when the mate remembered him and threw the hatch open. "I wonder if that poor fellow's gone crazy," thought the mate. "It'd be enough to send any one crazy to be shut down there in the dark in such a blow!"

BLINKING in the bright daylight, Marsden climbed dazedly up to the deck. The wind had fallen again, and the sun was out. And at the moment that he stepped to the deck the apprentice with whom he had fought chanced to pass by. He had left the masthead when the blow began, of course, and had taken his part with the sails. Now, seeing Marsden, he said sneeringly, "That was a pretty soft way of getting out of a lot of hard work, I'll be jiggered if it wasn't!" With his pale face gone fiery red and his fists clenched, Marsden strode toward him.

"By gravy, ain't you cooled off yet, Marsden?" asked the mate, and the color left Marsden's face. Except that he was rather paler than usual he looked as he always looked.

"A queer fish if ever was one," thought the mate. "Shut below in the dark for the best part of a day and still ready to scrap! There must be something in him somewhere, but

I'm hanged if I know where it is!"

Thenceforward Marsden's fellow apprentices looked on him with a measure of respect. One who could stand being imprisoned below as he had been and come up fighting mad was entitled to some respect, they judged. The one who had taunted him said, "I didn't mean to be a rotter, Marsden. Forget it, eh?" Marsden had already forgotten. He had forgotten everything but the terror that had come to him down in the fore peak; and for that perfectly natural terror he despised himself utterly.

FOR his last voyage as an apprentice Marsden was transferred to another ship. His new skipper and mates were all easy-going. The other apprentices were all green first voyage boys. He was a handy sailor by now, and no one bothered him. For a time a sort of peace came to him. But it didn't last, for as the weeks went by he realized that he would soon be out of his apprenticeship. Soon now he must take his exam for second mate. He shuddered at the thought; for, while he had no doubt of his ability to pass the exam, he was tortured by fear that once he was an officer he would show himself in his true colors and prove before a whole ship's company that he was unfit to be an officer. And still it never entered his head to quit the sea.

Marsden passed his exam with no trouble. Having passed, he went to the docks to look for a ship wanting a second mate. And he almost hoped that he wouldn't find one. He didn't know what he hoped. He was like a bird charmed by a snake. He remembered the words of his first ship's mate, "You'll never make an officer." And then, as he was passing a cargo steamer, a voice hailed him. Her skipper looked over her rail, and called, "Young man, d'ye want a second mate's billet?" And, like a man in a dream, he went aboard and signed on as second mate.

The steamer went to sea next day and as she ploughed steadily on a sort of peace came to Marsden. This was very different to being in a sailing ship. There was a feeling of security in the confident throb of

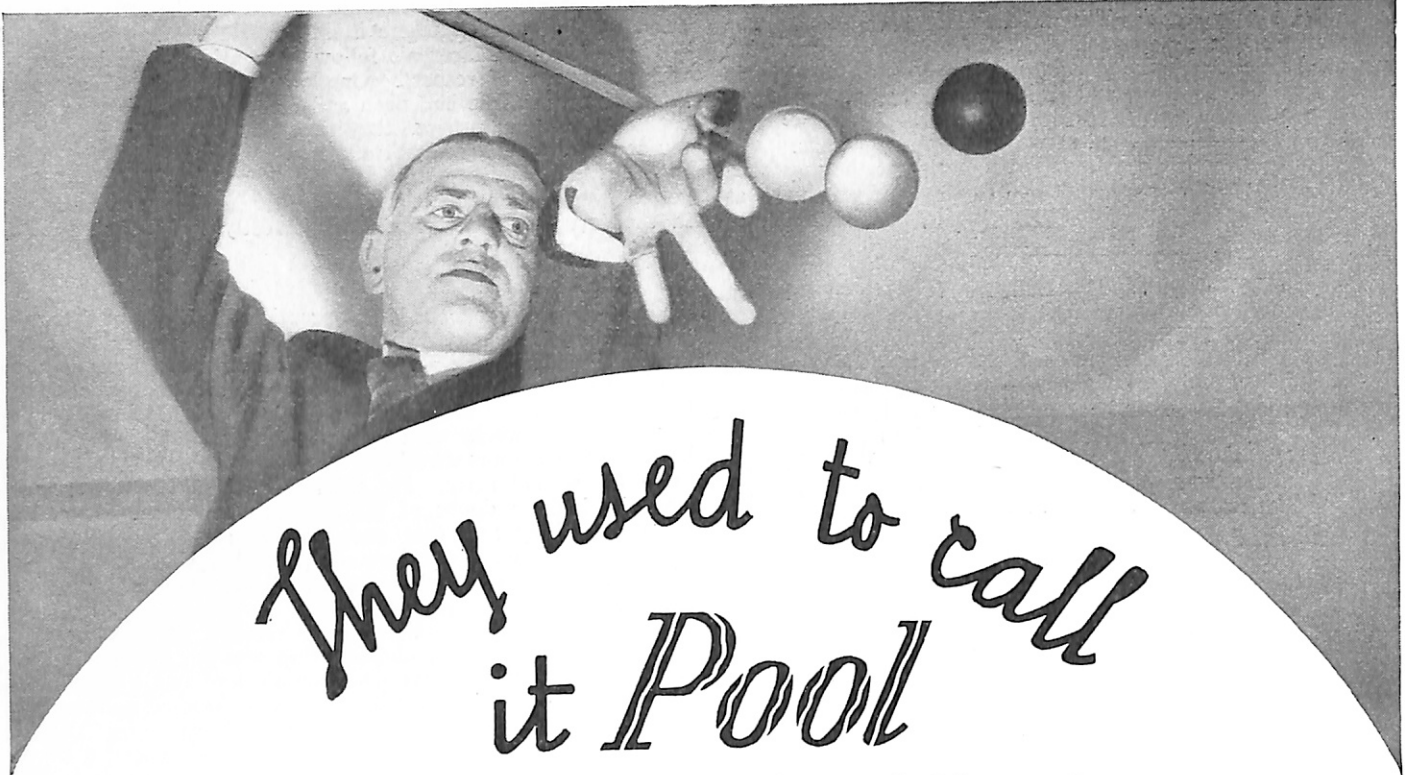
her engines. And then, suddenly it came to him that he was a coward for wanting to feel secure. Well, he was a coward and that was all there was to it! One can't help what one is. He'd have to make the best of it!

The night was very dark when Marsden went to take charge of the bridge from eight o'clock to midnight. The engines throbbed steadily on. A steamer could push her way through whatever came. And then presently the skipper called up to him, "I'm going to turn in. Keep a sharp lookout, mister. You can never tell when you'll meet some vessel with no light showing!"

Peering into the inky night, Marsden tried to fight his old dread away. "What if I did run down some vessel with no lights showing? It'd be her fault, not mine," he thought. But that didn't cheer him at all. For it was not whether or no he would be at fault that worried him. It was how he would behave in case of disaster. "I'd be sure to lose my head and act like a cur,"

(Continued on page 38)





They used to call it *Pool*

*An Interview with J. Howard Shoemaker
National Amateur Pocket Billiard Champion*

by John R. Tunis

IN Walla Walla, Washington, they call it pool. Just plain pool. That's what they call it in Anniston, Alabama, and Las Vegas, New Mexico, and Waterville, Maine. But when the sport gets to be big-league stuff, when the national championship rolls around, it takes on the dignity of billiards, and is called pocket billiards. Nothing less.

Mean to say they have a national pocket billiard championship? You bet they do, and in Philadelphia this January the seven sectional winners fought things out to decide the title. That phrase, fought it out, is hardly accurate. Before the conflict, Mr. J. Howard Shoemaker, a wholesale furniture salesman of Douglaston, L. I., the reigning champion, was expected to retain his championship. This he did, hands down.

Here's one thing about pocket billiards. It isn't exclusively a

young man's game. Young men play, and play it well too, but you don't need to chuck it when you get beyond the competitive age of most games. You wouldn't, for instance, think of trying to enter a national golf or tennis tournament when approaching three score years, but pocket billiards is different. So if your waistline is getting bigger every spring, don't become discouraged. You may still land in the champion class.

Which isn't to say you wouldn't do better to start as young as the present national champion did. It was back in 1913 that a man of 35 sighted along his cue and plunked the six ball in the side pocket.

"Game and championship for Mr. Shoemaker," called the referee, while the crowd around the table cheered the new champion. In 1913, or 22 years ago, Hank Gowdy was catching for the Boston Braves and a guy named Merkle was playing first for the Giants. Charlie Brickley of Harvard was establishing a record by kicking 13 field goals out of 13 tries, and a skinny boy named Francis Ouimet was defeating the great English golf stars, Ray and Vardon, at the Country Club in Brookline, Massachusetts.

Gowdy and Merkle, Brickley and Ouimet, where are they now? Even Shoemaker's contemporaries in billiards have faded from the picture; de Oro is no more in the ranks of the champions; Hoppe held his last 18.2 title in 1924; Bennie Allen's reign is merely a memory, and even Ralph Greenleaf, who led the field, was out-classed in the last world championship. But Shoemaker still reigns supreme.

Those who have played with Willie Hoppe and Greenleaf say there is nothing in their style any better than the ease and

At top of page:
Willie Hoppe, photographed through glass from below, making a *massé* shot

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Left: J. Howard Shoemaker has won the National Amateur Pocket Billiards Championship 20 times in the past 23 years—nine times consecutively. His tournament high run is 52



Above: *Alfredo de Oro, the Cuban master, was probably the greatest of them all*

Left, above: *Erwin Rudolph of Chicago, the former National Professional Champion*

Below: *Miss Ruth McGinnis of Honesdale, Pa., is National Women's Professional Champion*

precision of the amateur champion's game. Playing in exhibition matches against Greenleaf he beat the famous star four times out of eight without a handicap, and he has defeated Erwin Rudolph in their two meetings. Since 1913 he has held the amateur title 20 out of 27 times—nine of them in succession—and 10 times he has grabbed off the title without the loss of a game. He's the Bobby Jones of amateur pocket billiards, the Tilden of the sport, the champ, the big noise. In other words J. Howard Shoemaker is the tops. Gentlemen, you are listening to no mean authority:

"How'd I get started playing pocket billiards? Darned if I know. Thirty-eight years ago when I was living in Camden, New Jersey, the billiard center of the metropolis was over on Chestnut Street, Philadelphia. A lot of my friends were playing in the old Mint Arcade, on ground now covered by the Widener Building. I became attracted to the game, liked it, seemed to have a taste for playing, and kept on. Pretty soon I was good, or thought so. Then came the greatest thrill of my whole pocket billiard career. They asked me to play an invitation match against Alfredo de Oro, the Cuban master.

"By this time I was feeling pretty cocky over the few successes that had come my way—a condition, incidentally, that beginners with a natural aptitude for the game, aided by a little luck, often get into. They watch the pros, see them miss a shot or two, and think they could do just as well. That was my case when I was matched against de Oro, at that time the professional champion.

"He took me down pretty quick. The fact is he gave me an awful lacing. Looking back, I realize now that that match did me more good than any I ever played. For the first time I saw I wasn't so hot. I appreciated then how much the professional champion must know, and I also learned never to forget the chief commandment of pocket billiards.

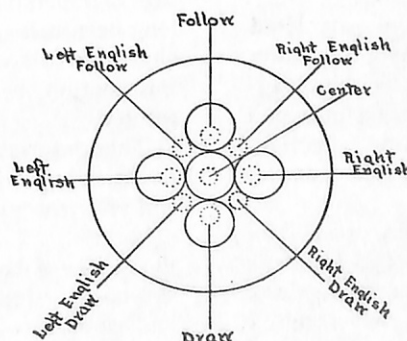
It applied to me as a coming champion, but let me say it applies to you and to everyone who hopes to be even an average player. **PLAY FOR POSITION.** The important shot, remember, is not the one you are making. It's the one after that. The handling of the white ball in position play is the fundamental of the game.

"Since then I've been fortunate enough to play against this master several times. From him I learned my tactics—all the tricks of positional play that enabled me to keep up front, and at times to defeat de Oro himself—even without a handicap. Positional play, that's the fundamental of pocket billiards.

"Right here I'd like to make another generalization from what I've noticed in playing all over the country. One thing which differentiates the champion from the dub, and I believe this applies to every sport, is the fact that the champion never gives up. When the poor player finds himself 50 points behind, he is apt to become careless and chuck the game. Maybe you've even done that yourself; certainly you have seen it happen often. Unless you are up against a man who is out of your class, this is a great mistake. Never give up until the last ball is stowed away. Many times I've seen beaten players come from behind and win, and in the recent championships in Philadelphia I had a nervous time in my last match against

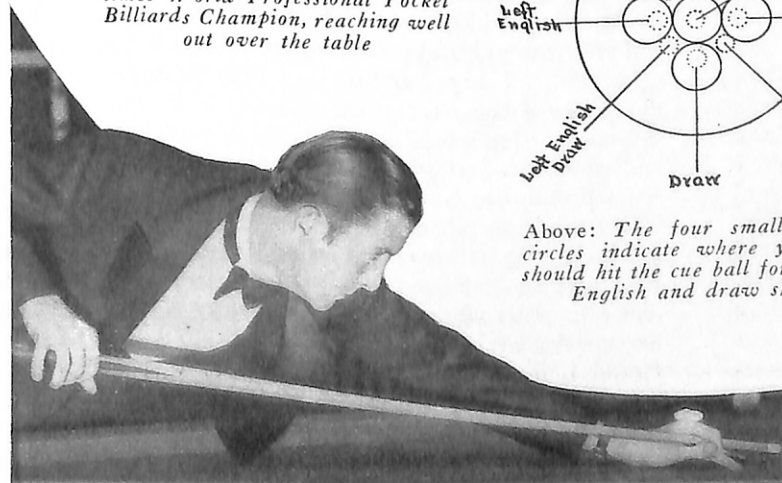
Herbert Courtney of New York. We had each won six games and the remaining contest was to settle the championship for 1935.

(Continued on page 41)

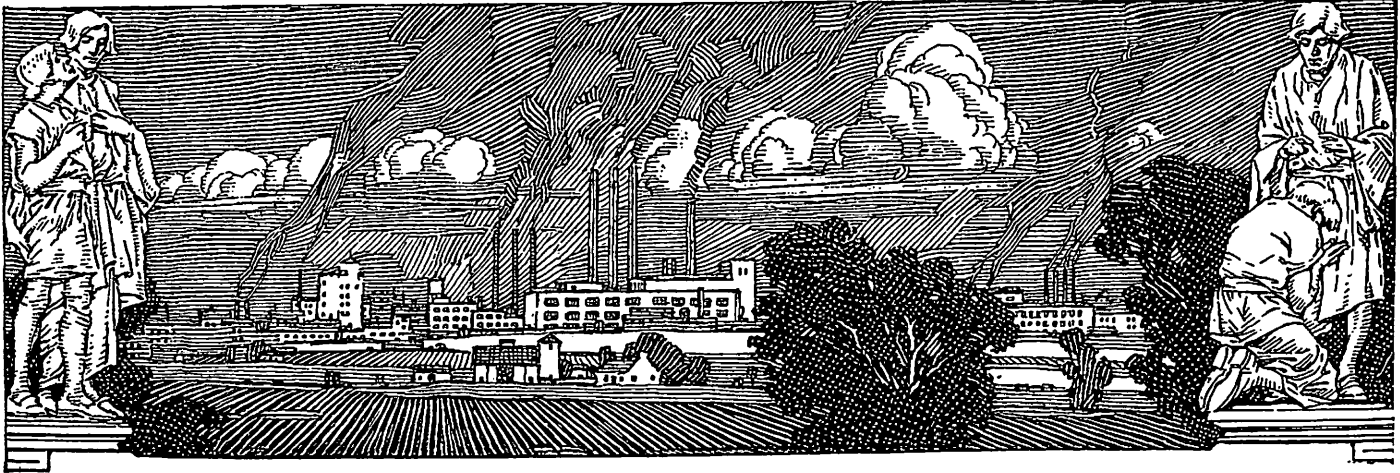


Above: *The four smaller solid circles indicate where your cue should hit the cue ball for follow, English and draw shots*

Below: *Ralph Greenleaf, many times World Professional Pocket Billiards Champion, reaching well out over the table*



Photos for pages 16 and 17 by Keystone, International and The Philadelphia Bulletin



EDITORIAL

THE RISING TIDE OF AMERICANISM

WHEN Grand Exalted Ruler Shannon fired the enthusiasm of the Grand Lodge at Kansas City by his denunciation of those who seek to subvert our Government and to destroy its institutions, it was no mere temporary oratorical effect which he sought. He had a practical purpose in view; for his declared administrative policy was to arouse the Order, and through it the American people, to a clearer realization of a definite danger.

Since that time, in his public utterances and official communications, he has consistently accentuated the need for nation-wide watchfulness and precaution, to prevent possible disaster from the machinations of those enemies of our country. And he has convincingly proved that they are, with increasing frequency, abandoning their policy of secrecy and insidiousness, to become more open and aggressive, because of the unrestricted freedom with which they have been permitted to carry on their activities.

His earnestness and forcefulness have attracted thoughtful attention wherever he has appeared. Many thousands of members of the Order, under his leadership, have been stirred to a patriotic enthusiasm which seeks to accomplish something practical and effective, looking to the prevention of the spread of this menace, and to its ultimate complete eradication.

That enthusiasm is making itself manifest in all portions of our country. It has been the subject of frequent editorial comment. The influence it has exerted, along with that born of other patriotic sources, has resulted in what has been termed 'the rising tide of Americanism.'

In order that this aroused interest might not be fruitlessly dissipated, Grand Exalted Ruler Shannon mapped out a program designed to achieve practical results. When, by their invitation, he presented his views before the Congressional Committee engaged in the investigation of un-American activities, he captured their interested attention. And he submitted to them an eight-point proposal for Congressional action.

Under his direction the subordinate Lodges of the Order undertook to bring concretely to the knowledge of Congress the very general desire of the people that his outlined program, at least in substance, should be embodied in formal and effective Congressional enactments.

It is to be hoped that this 'rising tide of Americanism' will increase in volume until its irresistible force will cause to be placed upon our statute books, and to be thereafter effectively administered, such laws as will forever free us from the menace of the red flag, and all the un-American doctrines which it so significantly symbolizes.

THE PROPOSED HISTORY OF THE ORDER

FOR many years there has been a recurrent discussion of the need for a brief but authoritative history of the Order, which should be presented to every initiate and made available to the entire membership. It is a regrettable fact, which has long been recognized, that there is no single readily accessible source from which a new member can secure the information he naturally desires concerning the Fraternity.

That information has been acquired in the past only by those who diligently sought it, or who gradually absorbed it through fraternal association over a long period of years. Many members yet remain in lamentable ignorance of those facts, the knowledge of which would inevitably stimulate a greater pride in their membership and would, to that extent, make them better Elks.

Last year the Grand Lodge Activities Committee, to which the matter had been referred, reported that gratifying progress had been made; and that Brother George E. Strong, a member of that Committee, after diligent and exhaustive study, had collected the desired data and had tentatively formulated the text. By action of the Grand Lodge the Grand Exalted Ruler was authorized to determine the final form and style of the history and to provide for its publication.



Grand Exalted Ruler Shannon has evinced a keen interest in this matter; and it may confidently be anticipated that before the next annual Convention the completed history will be available for distribution. It is awaited with an interest that is quite general throughout the Order.

In this connection the Grand Exalted Ruler has made a suggestion which may become a recommendation in his Annual Report. It is that a copy of the history be placed in the hands of each candidate promptly after his election to membership; and that upon the occasion of his initiation he be briefly examined upon it by the Exalted Ruler.

The adoption of that suggestion would result in the careful reading of the history by each candidate, thus insuring the accomplishment of its primary purpose. And the examination of the initiate, appropriately conducted, would not only add an interesting feature to the ceremonies but also prove of informative value to all in attendance. It is worthy of consideration as a mandatory provision of the Statutes governing the initiatory ritual.

THE PARADE AT COLUMBUS

FOR a number of years, due to conditions which have been recognized and appreciated by all, very few of the subordinate Lodges have felt able to take part in the annual parades designed to be the outstandingly spectacular features of our Grand Lodge Conventions. Naturally, during that period, the pageants have been less colorful in character and have been made up of fewer marching units. And while the Grand Esquires, charged with the duty of organizing and supervising them, have uniformly made the most of the entries available, the parades have not been adequately representative of the Order.

Now that conditions are more propitious, Grand Esquire McCormick has declared his purpose to endeavor to promote a parade for the Convention at Columbus, next July, that will set a new record for brilliance, distinctiveness and magnitude. If his efforts to achieve that result are accorded the generous support of every subordinate Lodge which can, and should, enter a creditable unit, success will be assured.

The Grand Lodge has a definite purpose in sponsor-

ing such a parade. It is to exhibit to the public a concrete, visible evidence of the strength and character of the Order, of its patriotism, of the loyalty and devotion of its members, and of the fraternal spirit with which they are imbued. Necessarily such an exhibit must be characterized by orderliness, dignity and a due sense of decorum.

The desired effect cannot be produced by mere marching columns, however extended and however frequently interspersed with bands. It cannot be created by mere colorfulness of costume. Certainly nothing is contributed to it by undecorated vehicles carrying nondescript groups of passengers, nor by those who seek to be merely grotesque.

There must be such military formation as will insure promptness and reasonable precision of movement; there must be a distinctiveness of uniform for definite units, however simple, that will properly identify them; there must be an adequate number of bands and drum corps to preserve a marching rhythm all along the line; the national flags and Lodge banners should have suitable escorts and be correctly displayed; the floats should attractively present worthy activities of the Lodges, or effectively symbolize the principles of the Order. And, above all, there must be a dignity of deportment and a ready obedience to authoritative orders on the part of every participant.

In such a parade, so commanded and marshalled as to enforce obedience to the rules for its conduct, the Order presents its true self to the public and creates an impression wholly favorable and inevitably beneficial. It likewise inspires renewed interest and enthusiasm among its own members.

Columbus is in the very heart of Elldom. Numerous active and prosperous Lodges are within a short distance from that City. They can, with a minimum of expense and loss of time, enter effective units in the parade to be held during the approaching Convention. In doing this they will be performing a real service to the Order. Existing conditions warrant such service from those Lodges, and it may be confidently anticipated.

With such response, and with the cooperation of more distant Lodges which can unite with them, the Grand Esquire will be enabled to realize his most worthy objective, and to lead the best parade ever held under the auspices of the Grand Lodge.



Friend and Foe

Stories by
Holcomb Hollister

ACTS OF FRIENDSHIP—NORTH, EAST, SOUTH AND WEST— INVOKE ITS BLESSING AND DEFEAT ITS TERROR

FIRE and the REAPER

SMELL of smoke—crackle of burning wood—a clutch of terror! A young father fought desperately to save his family from terrible fate one night not so long ago. He had awakened suddenly to find his small home filled with heavy smoke. It was only by sheer will-power that he forced himself to the window for life-saving air. His wife and baby, sleeping in the same room, were half suffocated by the fumes and his first struggle was to get them both to that one hope—the window. The mother, with the baby held tightly against her breast, jumped to the ground below, followed instantly by her husband—and the woman was so injured that he had to carry her to safety. But her arms still held her child. She had saved it from harm in her fall by shielding it with her own body.

They were saved—but upstairs three children lay asleep, cut off from rescue; and the father was forced to stand helpless as the flames spread, burning the three babies to death! Smell of smoke! Crackle of burning wood! They will always mean sheer terror to that American family so pitifully bereft!

The father, mother and baby were taken to the hospital for treatment while the historic City of Cambridge, Massachusetts, rang with the story of bravery and bereavement. There was a clear demand to DO something—and the Elks Lodge grasped the opportunity for an Act of Friendship. That very night they met and raised a small fund—but they had little knowledge of what their leadership would really mean, and what followed was a marvelous demonstration of community good-will unlocked by the fraternal action the Elks had begun. Under the sponsorship of these Elks plans were shaped for a gigantic ball to rehabilitate this little family, and leading citizens set to work to duplicate whatever the Elks Ball might raise!

And while the family recovered some of its peace of mind if not of heart, and time healed the burns and soothed the shock, more than two thousand dollars was poured from the hearts of their fellow-citizens into a fund which has refurbished their home, replaced their lost personal effects and which will help maintain them until time has permitted readjustment. Only the passing of many years will heal the pain which the tragic loss of their three little ones brought to that father's and mother's hearts—but they do not have to wait long years for a home and comfort. Cambridge Elks ACTED!
Cambridge, Mass., Lodge, No. 839.

FIRE and the THREE AGES

HOWLING of wind—faintness of hunger—the whimpering cry of a sick child!

A young woman stood in a tiny room and looked drearily out of the one window where the curtain flapped so monotonously under repeated gusts of chill blasts against the pane. On a narrow cot opposite two forms were huddled—an old woman with white hair and thin face who held in her arms the pathetic figure of a little child, giving it the meager warmth of her body. For it was mid-winter, yet no fire burned to heat the little room, and its cold was bitter. There was no more food on the shelves and only the scantiest of covering for the one cot bed.

THE young woman at the window tapped nervously against the pane as her thoughts circled desperately—one hand reaching again and again to her throat as though to ease the choking pain which pulsed through it. She knew their plight was desperate, for the child was her baby—fathered by the husband she loved and who had deserted them both, leaving them entirely without support. The old woman was the child's grandmother and this little room had proved the only refuge the young woman and her child could find. Now they were faint with hunger, depleted in body and soul, destitute and helpless, while the little boy cried with the pain of mounting fever. Howling of wind! Faintness of hunger! The whimpering cry! They racked the very soul of that young mother as she suddenly turned and threw herself down upon the cot with the others—helplessly hoping that her love might aid her boy!

She could not know that at that very moment a group of Brother Elks were appointing a committee to investigate her affairs. But the relief which came so quickly to her door following that investigation meant the difference between life and death for the child, health and sickness for the old grandmother, grim despair and renewed courage for the mother. With a swift Act of Kindness, Memphis Elks gave the boy the medical care he needed, filled the shelves with fresh stores of food, and supplied fuel for the fire which meant warmth and comfort. Finest of all, their Act rekindled the fire of hope in the woman's heart and revived her faith in the goodness of life.
Memphis, Tenn., Lodge, No. 27.

BROADCAST

THE Grand Exalted Ruler had hoped to send a wave of friendliness onto the air by means of radio broadcast, telling the human interest stories reported as Acts of Friendship and performed by the subordinate Lodges of the Order.

The increasing difficulty of arranging satisfactory time on the air for all sections; the increasing cost of national hook-ups; the increasing necessity of conserving the cash resources of the Grand Lodge; the increasing pressure for militant action to insure needed federal and state legislation to halt un-American activities; with a few expressions from Lodges that this proposed broadcast offended their sense of proper modesty toward Elk charity where the public is concerned—all compelled the decision that it would be the better part of wisdom to abandon any further thought of a series of national broadcasts for this year.

The recently published book, "from Gardens of Friendship," contains some of the messages that might have been given over the air, and it preserves them in a more useful form. It becomes a lasting tribute to some of those Exalted Rulers and to some of those Lodges that early caught the inspiration of the idea presented by the Grand Exalted Ruler. The book is a challenge to all other Exalted Rulers and Lodges to follow the examples so finely set and to enter into the spirit of the reports requested.

It is a convenient way to show old members who have demitted, and new members, the way in which the Order demonstrates its friendship to those in need. The Grand Exalted Ruler's only regret is that lack of space in this book did not permit him to tell in detail the hundreds of Acts of Friendship just as fine and just as worthy as those published. So long as the supply lasts a copy of "from Gardens of Friendship" will be sent to any subordinate Lodge officer requesting one. Address the Chairman of the Grand Lodge Activities Committee, 50 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y.

FIRE and the CHILD

SONG of the tea-kettle—purr of the cat—and the cheery dance of reflected firelight on the wall!

Little Gene, aged seven, was a true pioneer. Father and Mother had brought him and three younger sisters and brothers to a deep canyon in the Colorado mountains to begin life all over again. There they had erected a little shack and Father had commenced work on a gold claim with hopes of obtaining, in true pioneer fashion, the means to reclaim his family from their destitute circumstance. It devolved upon young Gene to "keep house," for Mother had the right spirit too, and went out to the claim every day to help her man. They were driven by necessity and, perhaps, as adults who had known such different surroundings, they did not always regard this business of pioneering so happily.

But to Gene it was romance! Didn't HE have to be a "big man" and guard the shack? Weren't there thrilling trails and—maybe—wild animals? Wasn't he the FIRE TENDER—a grave responsibility? It was a great game to Gene until accident overtook him. In trying to put fresh kindling in the stove one morning he upset a kettle of boiling water over his head, neck and shoulders! In the twinkling of an eye this brave little pioneer was converted into a shrieking, pain-ridden child who needed experienced help—and there was none to give it! Song of the tea-kettle! Reflection of firelight! All was pain and agony where once had been comfort!

By the time Gene's story reached the Elks in Boulder, the nearest town, he had had such aid as Mother and Father could render, of course. But the doctor who finally reached them reported that the burns were extensive—third-degree burns, he said, with little hope for Gene's recovery. But the Brother Elks felt that if there was a chance for plucky Gene he should have it, so they had him brought into a hospital and placed under treatment. They did not take the cost of his care from general funds—this was their Act of Friendship, and every Brother Elk who heard Gene's story found he could spare a little extra to help keep such good, pioneering stock alive.

It was surprising how many callers Gene began to have as he convalesced in the hospital! Amazing how much conversation there could be at Lodge meetings about one frail boy who had met disaster trying to help Dad and Mom keep the family going. And VERY interesting to watch the increasing interest and attendance at Lodge meetings because Brother Elks were more closely linked by their friendly aid to a small lad they had never known before!

Boulder, Colo., Lodge, No. 566

FIRE and the FAMILY

DAD'S voice telling the bedtime story; childish laughter in sleepy tones; Mother mending in the warm lamplight!

Just the picture of a happy family of four who were grateful indeed for a home, food, warmth and comfort. A family closely knit by a three-year struggle to keep going, never minding worn clothes and frugal meals, but content that they had "gotten by" in health and love—together. The little house that was "home"—some twenty-five miles out of Houston, Texas—was hallowed and dear. So—one night—this happy family retired with happy hearts—

And awakened in the cold, dim starlight a few hours later with just time enough to escape from flames! No time for clothes! No time for salvage! No time for ANYTHING but to run—ESCAPE—with their lives! Wiped out. Just that. For the house and its contents were all they had in the world. Now they had but the nightclothes they escaped in—and each other. In the light of broad daylight, later, gathered in the home of a neighbor, they began to understand better the depth of disaster which had overtaken them. They had no home; they had no household goods; they did not even have clothes to call their own! And they had no resources to call upon. It was a shock to this sturdy family with its pride in having maintained themselves during hard times. Would Dad's voice ever tell bedtime stories again? Could the children laugh—sleepily? And would Mother have anything to mend? Not even clothes to make a fresh start—

THE news of this family's plight reached Houston and found its way to a group of Elks discussing Acts of Friendship. To be sure the family and their home had not belonged to Houston—but twenty-five miles away. These Elks, however, never thought about that. What they considered was how terrible it would be if this fine family group with its spirit of independence had to be broken up—become dependent on public relief! They believed in the family unit—so they brought this family into town and outfitted each one completely, ready for whatever step adjustment might call for. And that gift of clothing gave this family a sense of self-respect again, braced their hearts with courage, and renewed their determination to remain together. They will have a home again—and they know that the Elks will keep in touch with them to see that they succeed.

Houston, Texas, Lodge, No. 151.

FRIENDSHIP IS THE FIRE THAT WARMS, BUT DOES NOT CONSUME. ACTS OF FRIENDSHIP CAN BUILD THE FIRE THAT COMFORTS AND RESTORES THE PEACE AND JOY THAT FIRE HAS DESTROYED

Meritorious Mention

From Reports for December and January

(Stars Indicate Lodges Selected by the Committee as Outstanding)

- *Ajo, Ariz. No. 1576
- Albany, Ore. No. 359
- Albion, N. Y. No. 1006
- Alexandria, Va. No. 758
- Allegheny, Pa. No. 339
- Alma, Mich. No. 1400
- Altosna, Pa. No. 102
- Ambridge, Pa. No. 983
- Anaheim, Calif. No. 1345
- Ashland, Ky. No. 350
- Ashland, Ohio No. 1360
- Ashland, Ore. No. 944
- *Asheville, N. C. No. 1401
- Ashtabula, Ohio No. 208
- Bakersfield, Calif. No. 266
- Batavia, N. Y. No. 950
- Bedford, Ind. No. 826
- Bend, Ore. No. 1371
- Bellaire, Ohio No. 419
- Bellefonte, Pa. No. 1094
- Bellingham, Wash. No. 194
- Birmingham, Ala. No. 79
- Bisbee, Ariz. No. 671
- Bismarck, N. D. No. 1199
- *Boise, Idaho No. 310
- Borger, Tex. No. 1581
- Boulder, Colo. No. 566
- Bromerton, Wash. No. 1181
- Bristol, Conn. No. 1010
- Bucyrus, Ohio No. 156
- Burbank, Calif. No. 1497
- Burley, Idaho No. 1384
- Burlington, Vt. No. 916
- *Caldwell, Idaho No. 1448
- Canton, Ohio No. 68
- Carnegie, Pa. No. 831
- Cedar City, Utah No. 1556
- Charlottesville, Va. No. 389
- Charles City, Iowa No. 418
- Charleston, S. C. No. 242
- Charlotte, N. C. No. 592
- Chillicothe, Ohio No. 52
- Clifton, Ariz. No. 1174
- *Colorado Springs, Colo. No. 309
- Columbia, S. C. No. 1190
- Compton, Calif. No. 1570
- Concord, Mass. No. 1479
- Conneaut, Ohio No. 236
- Cristobal, C. Z. No. 1542
- Cynthiana, Ky. No. 438
- *Danville, Va. No. 227
- *Dallas, Tex. No. 771
- Decorah, Iowa No. 443
- Delta, Colo. No. 1235
- De Land, Fla. No. 1463
- Detroit, Mich. No. 34
- Devils Lake, N. D. No. 1216
- Douglas, Ariz. No. 955
- Dubuque, Iowa No. 297
- Dunellen, N. J. No. 1488
- *Durango, Colo. No. 507
- East Chicago, Ind. No. 981
- East Liverpool, Ohio No. 258
- *El Centro, Calif. No. 1325
- Elgin, Ill. No. 737
- Elmhurst, Ill. No. 1531
- *Elyria, Ohio No. 465
- *Eustis, Fla. No. 1578
- Everett, Mass. No. 642
- Fairbury, Neb. No. 1203
- Fergus Falls, Minn. No. 1093
- Fert Pierce, Fla. No. 1520
- Fostoria, Ohio No. 935
- Franklin, Pa. No. 110
- Franklin, La. No. 1387
- Fresno, Calif. No. 439
- Galveston, Tex. No. 128
- Gilroy, Calif. No. 1567
- *Glendale, Calif. No. 1289
- Glondive, Mont. No. 1324
- Globe, Ariz. No. 489
- *Goldfield, Nev. No. 1072
- Grand Forks, N. D. No. 255
- *Grants Pass, Ore. No. 1584
- *Grass Valley, Calif. No. 538
- Greeley, Col. No. 809
- Hanford, Calif. No. 1259
- Havre, Mont. No. 1201
- Hillsdale, Mich. No. 1575
- *Hornell, N. Y. No. 364
- *Houston, Tex. No. 151
- Hudson, Wis. No. 640
- Huntington Park, Calif. No. 1415
- *Idaho Falls, Idaho No. 1087
- *Inglewood, Calif. No. 1492
- Ionia, Mich. No. 548
- *Iron Mountain, Mich. No. 700
- Jamestown, N. D. No. 995
- Keene, N. H. No. 927
- Kelso, Wash. No. 1482
- Ketchikan, Alaska No. 1429
- Klamath Falls, Ore. No. 1247
- Lakewood, Ohio No. 1350
- Lawrence, Mass. No. 65
- Lawrenceville, Ill. No. 1208
- Lebanon, Pa. No. 631
- Lehighton, Pa. No. 284
- *Lincoln, Neb. No. 80
- Lincoln, Ill. No. 914
- Lorain, Ohio No. 1301
- *Los Angeles, Calif. No. 99
- *Long Branch, N. J. No. 742
- Louisville, Ky. No. 8
- Ludington, Mich. No. 736
- Lyndhurst, N. J. No. 1505
- Mamaroneck, N. Y. No. 1457
- Mandan, N. D. No. 1256
- Manhattan, Kans. No. 1185
- *Marshfield, Ore. No. 1160
- Martinsburg, W. Va. No. 778
- Marysville, Calif. No. 783
- McCook, Neb. No. 1434
- *McMinnville, Ore. No. 1283
- Medford, Ore. No. 1168
- *Memphis, Tenn. No. 27
- Milwaukee, S. D. No. 1059
- Modesto, Calif. No. 1282
- Monrovia, Calif. No. 1427
- Montrose, Colo. No. 1053
- Montpelier, Vt. No. 924
- Moscow, Idaho No. 249
- Mount Holly, N. J. No. 848
- Muncie, Ind. No. 245
- Murphysboro, Ill. No. 572
- New Orleans, La. No. 30
- Newport, R. I. No. 104
- New Smyrna, Fla. No. 1557
- Niles, Mich. No. 1322
- Norfolk, Va. No. 38
- Norristown, Pa. No. 714
- North Tonawanda, N. Y. No. 861
- Norwalk, Ohio No. 730
- Oakland, Calif. No. 171
- Oceanside, Calif. No. 1561
- Olney, Ill. No. 926
- Orange, N. J. No. 135
- Oregon City, Ore. No. 1189
- Oroville, Calif. No. 1494
- *Ottawa, Kans. No. 603
- Quincy, Colo. No. 492
- Owosso, Mich. No. 753
- *Oxnard, Calif. No. 1443
- Painesville, Ohio No. 549
- Pawtucket, R. I. No. 920
- *Peekskill, N. Y. No. 744
- Peoria, Ill. No. 20
- Phillipsburg, N. J. No. 395
- Phoenix, Ariz. No. 335
- Pittsburg, Kans. No. 412
- Port Arthur, Tex. No. 1069
- Portland, Ore. No. 142
- Porterville, Calif. No. 1342
- Portsmouth, Va. No. 82
- Pottstown, Pa. No. 814
- Putnam, Conn. No. 574
- Red Bluff, Calif. No. 1250
- Redding, Calif. No. 1073
- Redondo Beach, Calif. No. 1378
- *Richmond, Calif. No. 1251
- Rock Hill, S. C. No. 1318
- Royal Oak, Mich. No. 1523
- Sanford, Fla. No. 1241
- San Bernardino, Calif. No. 838
- *San Diego, Calif. No. 168
- *San Fernando, Calif. No. 1539
- *San Jose, Calif. No. 522
- San Pedro, Calif. No. 566
- San Rafael, Calif. No. 1108
- *Santa Ana, Calif. No. 794
- Santa Cruz, Calif. No. 824
- Santa Fe, N. M. No. 460
- *Santa Monica, Calif. No. 906
- Santa Rosa, Calif. No. 646
- Sault Ste. Marie, Mich. No. 552
- Scranton, Pa. No. 123
- Sharon, Pa. No. 103
- South Bend, Ind. No. 235
- Sonoma, Calif. No. 1587
- Springfield, Vt. No. 1560
- *Sterling, Ill. No. 1218
- St. Maries, Idaho No. 1418
- Sullivan, Ind. No. 911
- Susansville, Calif. No. 1487
- Sycamore, Ill. No. 1392
- Tintio, Utah No. 711
- Topeka, Kans. No. 204
- The Dalles, Ore. No. 303
- Three Rivers, Mich. No. 1248
- Tucson, Ariz. No. 385
- Two Rivers, Wis. No. 1380
- Tulare, Calif. No. 1424
- Upper Sandusky, Ohio No. 83
- Vallejo, Calif. No. 559
- *Vancouver, Wash. No. 823
- *Visalia, Calif. No. 1298
- Warren, Ohio No. 295
- *Washington, Pa. No. 776
- Waterloo, Iowa No. 290
- Watertown, N. Y. No. 496
- Waukegan, Ill. No. 702
- Webster City, Iowa No. 302
- Wilmington, N. C. No. 532
- Woodland, Calif. No. 1299
- Yankton, S. D. No. 984
- *York, Pa. No. 213

On Stage



Above: Elisabeth Bergner with Hugh Sinclair in the comedy drama, "Escape Me Never," a play of well deserved popularity on Broadway. The plot is an interesting one and the cast excellent, but the acting of Miss Bergner is the play's chief attraction



Above: A scene from "The Petrified Forest," a thrilling melodrama which is proving to be one of the big hits of the season. Above is the star, Leslie Howard, with Peggy Conklin, one of the leading actresses of the show's most talented and attractive cast



Above: Joyce Arling, William Lynn and Shirley Booth in the Broadway comedy, "Three Men on a Horse." William Lynn, the hero, combines his vocation of writing greeting card jingles with his avocation of unerringly picking winning horses—which he never backs—with riotous results

Right: One of the many humorous moments in "Ruggles of Red Gap," a movie version of Harry Leon Wilson's famous novel. Charles Laughton, as Ruggles, is being greeted cordially by Ma Pettingill (Maude Eburne). Mary Boland and Charles Ruggles also play leads in the film

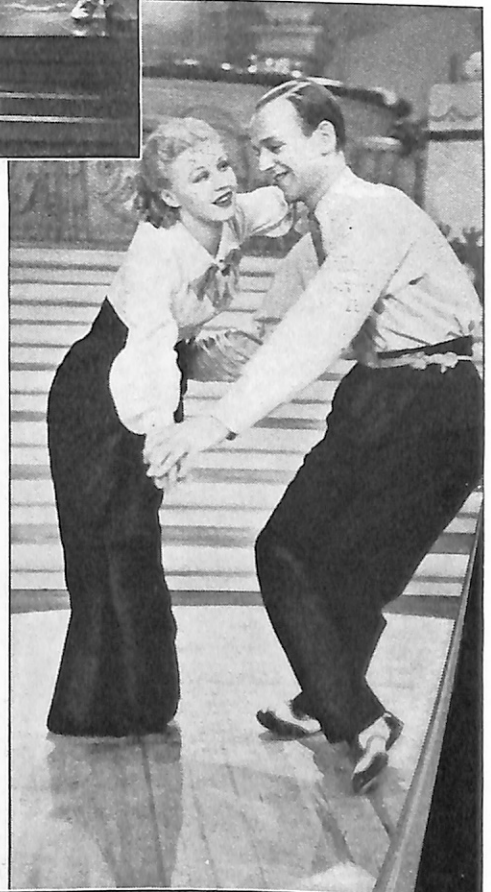




Left: Rudy Vallee and Ann Dvorak (and chorus) in a new musical film entitled "Sweet Music." There is plenty of romance and comedy in this movie, there is also a cast which includes, beside the above couple, such stars as Helen Morgan and the Connecticut Yankees, led by Maestro Vallee



Right: Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire as they appear in one of the scenes in the movie version of "Roberta," the musical romance which made such a hit last year on Broadway. Other well-known stars are also in the cast



Left: Maurice Chevalier is the star of the new movie, "Folies Bergere." He is shown here with Ann Sothorn, one of his leading ladies. Unfortunately, we cannot here reproduce the songs Chevalier sings, but, needless to say, they are excellent

Right: Helen Hayes and May Robson in a scene from "Vanessa," a movie adaptation of Hugh Walpole's novel of the same name. Miss Hayes is excellent in the title role, while such actors as Robert Montgomery, Otto Kruger, Violet Kemble-Cooper, Lewis Stone and others give splendid accounts of themselves in this noteworthy production



And Screen

Cast and Broadcast



Joseph
Melein
McElliott



By

Phillips Coles



To the left is Harriet Hilliard, the blonde and alluring doll who chants gay ditties for Ozzie Nelson's band. At top is Graham MacNamee, the world's foremost stooge, photographed with his chum, the Texaco Firechief. Somebody presented Mr. Wynn and his stooge with a wooden horse, and the unfortunate animal has been coming in for a lot of merry badinage these Tuesday evenings over the NBC network.

In the circle above you see Little Jack Little's engaging pan. To an appealing voice Little Jack adds miraculous handling of a piano keyboard. The popular NBC trio, Dot, Kay and Em are pictured below, crooning sweet harmonies into a microphone. At lower left is part of the cast of the famous Roxy Revue snapped in action in a CBS studio one Saturday evening. Aimee Deloro is singing at the microphone

Ray Leo Jackson



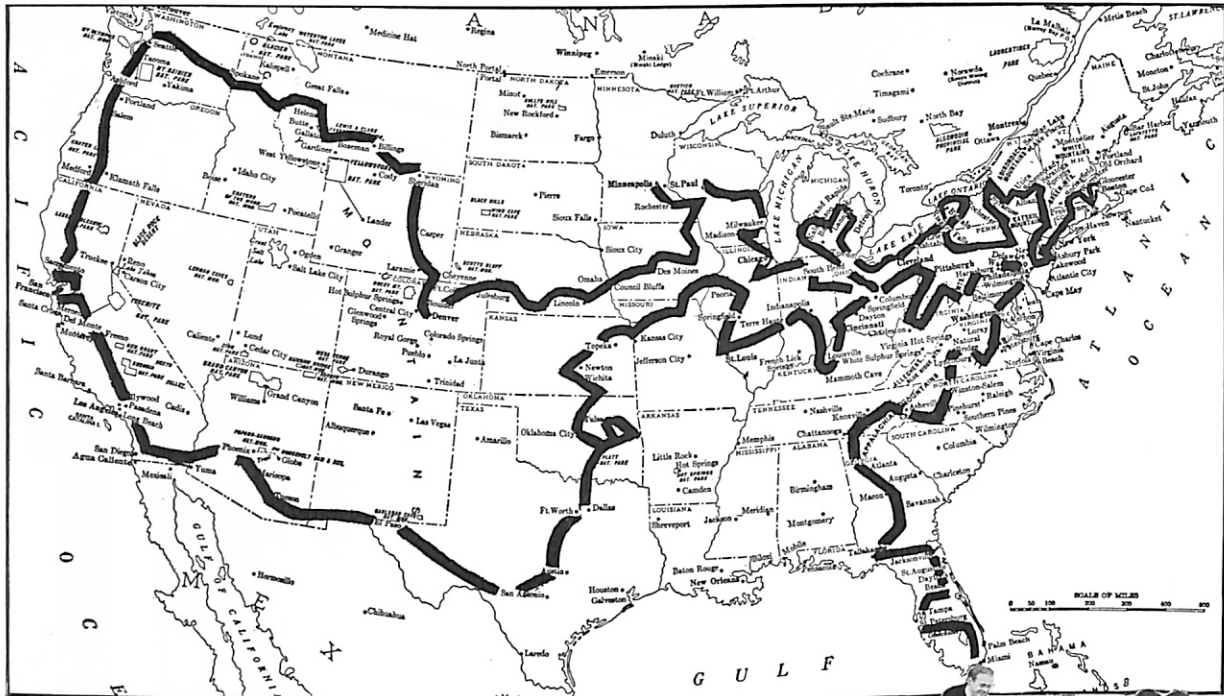
WRIGLEY'S SPEARMINT GUM

*The flavor
lasts*

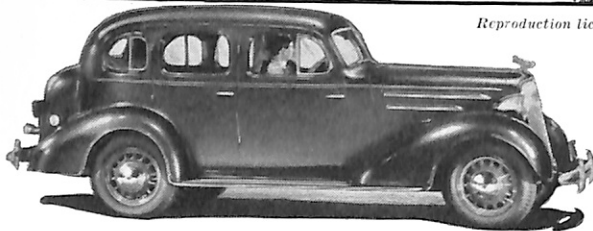


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Left: The Chevrolet Sedan.
Right: Chevrolet Phaeton,
cars selected for
the 1935 tour



What's Behind *the* Good Will Tour

by

Edward Faust

THIS year THE ELKS' MAGAZINE Good Will Ambassadors will travel more than 30,000 miles. Just how many more it is impossible to say at this time. This figure indicates map mileage, taken from the itineraries of the four routes as they are now planned and shown on the map above.

From the first Good Will Tour, six years ago, each announcement of the itineraries has invariably brought to THE ELKS MAGAZINE numerous invitations from Lodges not scheduled to be visited, some from places hundreds of miles off the established routes. But, due to the hard driving schedule that must be maintained, these have had to be declined. Others coming from Lodges near the routes have been cordially accepted. Hence, in the light of past performances, it will surprise no one concerned to find the 30,000 miles considerably increased by the time the eight cars of the fleet arrive at their destination which, this year, is Columbus, Ohio, Grand Lodge Convention site, the week of July 15th.

Four cars start from Sacramento, California—two going north and two south. Two cars will leave from Miami, Florida, while the remaining two leave from Lowell, Massachusetts. All eight cars are scheduled to start May 25th.

IN consideration of the vast distances to be traveled—frequently under the most difficult driving conditions—it is only natural that THE ELKS MAGAZINE should select cars that provide the maximum in ruggedness, speed, economy and beauty. These qualities are found in the Chevrolet cars which will be used in the 1935 Tour. Two models will be used—the standard Phaeton and the Master DeLuxe Sedan. Both, of course, have Fisher Bodies, the latter being the featured, solid steel famous "Turret Top."

Similar qualities decided the choice of Goodrich Tires for the four cars leaving from the far west, and United States Tires for the cars leaving from the south and east.

The necessity of having the best motor oil available was obvious from the beginning. Lubrication troubles cannot be permitted to jeopardize the schedules. Quaker State motor oils and greases, selected six years ago, have been used ever since. For the extra energy and power which a transcontinental tour demands, Ethyl Gasoline is used. Incidentally, THE ELKS MAGAZINE Good Will Tour cars have always used this type of fuel.

In a tour which spans the United States from the Atlantic to the Pacific, it is absolutely essential to keep strictly to schedule. Reception committees are waiting, radio engagements have been booked and everyone interested has learned to look for the arrival of the cars not only on a definite day, but at a definite time of the day. Naturally this means a schedule of advance preparation that is just as inflexible as is the driving schedule itself.

Perhaps you have at some time played a part in welcoming the Good Will Ambassadors; maybe, too, you have been just a little curious to know how a Tour of this scope is planned and prepared.

First, the routes are mapped; every mile is carefully checked and cross-checked. Accessibility of Lodges is important, the idea being to make as many visits as possible within the time allotted.

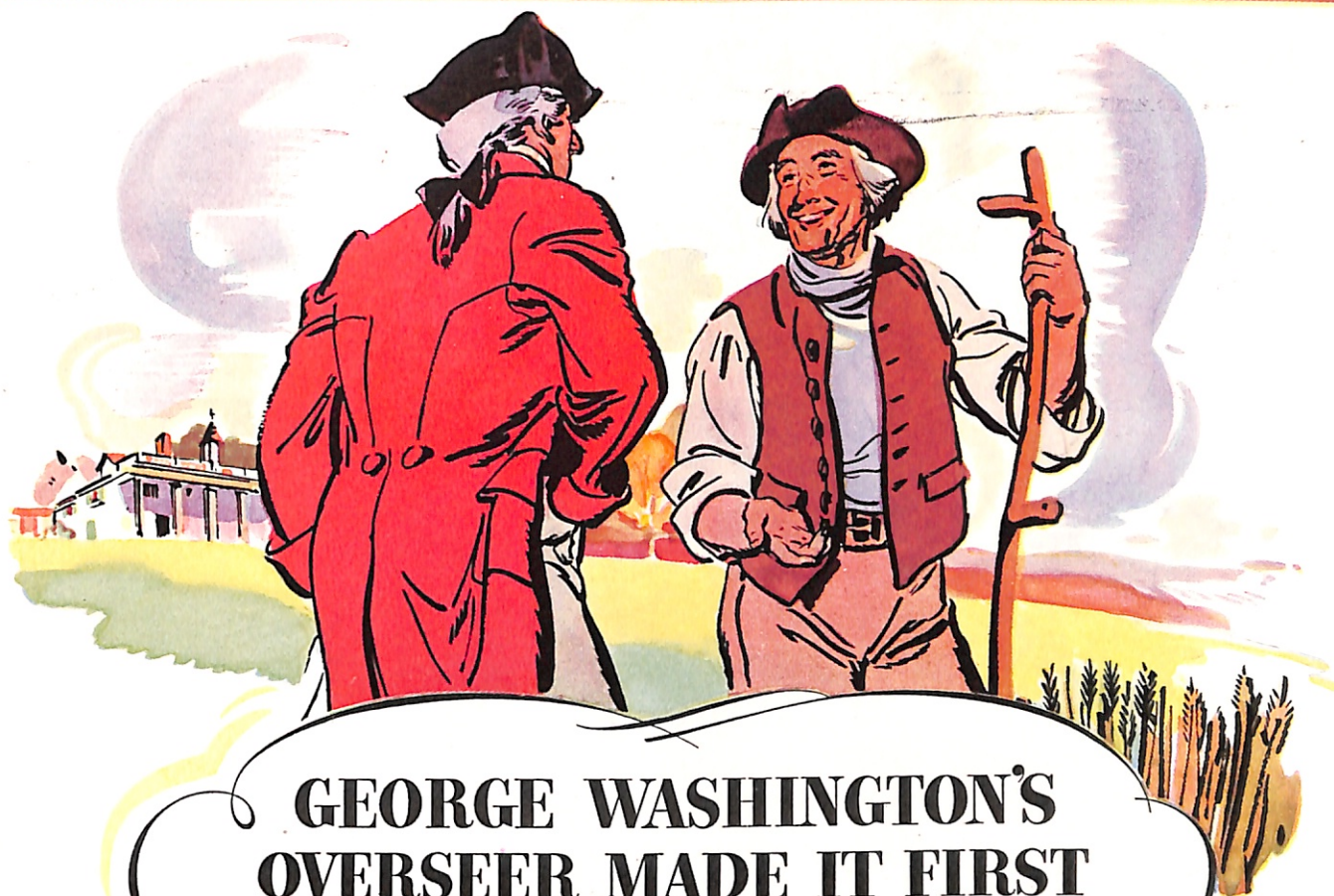
Following is the planning and writing of letters and publicity, each item carrying a definite date for future release. The first release is a letter of notification to Exalted

Rulers whose Lodges are scheduled to be visited. This asks for the appointment of a reception committee and gives the date of arrival of the cars. Next, a letter is sent to the chairmen of these committees. The letter offers suggestions for reception plans and is accompanied by a news story for Lodge bulletins and a story for advance release to local newspapers. A third letter goes to District Deputies through whose districts the cars travel. This names the day of arrival and requests the cooperation of the Deputy.

Exactly one week prior to the arrival of the cars in each city the local newspapers receive a full page story with "mats" (card-board composition moulds used for making cuts to illustrate the story). The 1934 Good Will Tour secured 72 full pages for as many Lodges, in addition to hundreds of smaller publicity stories.

Next, a letter is sent to all radio stations in cities to be visited. This asks for microphone time for the ambassadors and local Lodge officials. All bookings are given gratis and it bespeaks a high regard for our Order when more than 100 stations each year willingly accede to the request.

Since the Ambassadors are entertainers of a high order they are in a position to see to it that their visits are enjoyed by the Lodges. Letters received from Lodge officials testify to this, and it would be hard to estimate the great amount of genuine good will and friendliness which these Tours generate among the members. But entertainment and the securing of publicity for Lodges is not the only purpose of the tours. An additional purpose is to create interest in The Grand Lodge Convention—to publicize this event which is, perhaps, the most important activity of the Grand Lodge and certainly one which interests every member of the Order.



GEORGE WASHINGTON'S OVERSEER MADE IT FIRST

and even in the early days of the nation
this excellent Rye was shipped to England



IN THE DAYS after George Washington finished serving his country, and became once more a Virginia gentleman who made his home and entertained his guests at Mount Vernon, experiments with agriculture occupied much of his time.

He tried many crops on what he called the Dogue Creek Farm, and found its soil was especially favorable to the growth of rye.

Then his overseer, a Scot by the name of Anderson, came to him with an idea. Since every gentleman in those days needed a stock of good whiskey, why not set up a distillery at Mount Vernon, and make use of the grain which the land produced?

And so, in due time, guests and travelers who chanced that way enjoyed the hospitality of a whiskey wondrously smooth and memorable.

The owner of Mount Vernon was a shrewd

business man and sought a market for his surplus, selling it not only in the neighboring states, but even in England.

From that day to this, Mount Vernon has been one of the few American whiskies enjoying European fame.

The Mount Vernon distillery, almost a hundred years ago, was moved to Baltimore, but the formula and the fine quality of the rye were scrupulously maintained.

Few whiskies in the world have a more distinguished lineage. Few can provide the suave pleasure and lingering delight which await you in Mount Vernon today.

MOUNT VERNON

Bottled in Bond Rye Whiskey

THIS EMBLEM  PROTECTS YOU

© 1935, The American Medicinal Spirits Co., Inc., Baltimore, Md.

This advertisement does not offer this product for sale in dry States: it is offered for sale only in compliance with all State and Federal Statutes.



"A Black Panther Isn't
Half as Treacherous
as a *Blow-out*!"

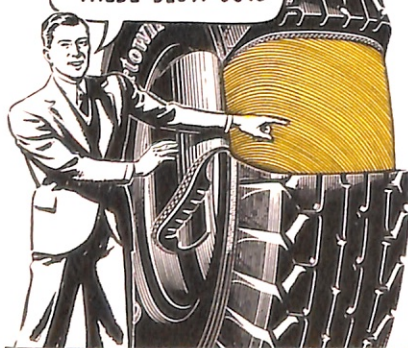
says

FRANK (*Bring 'em Back Alive*) BUCK



A TYPICAL BLOW-OUT ACCIDENT—DON'T LET IT HAPPEN TO YOU

HEAT CAUSES BLOW-OUTS—
THE LIFE-SAVER GOLDEN PLY
RESISTS HEAT—PREVENTS
THESE BLOW-OUTS



FREE! Handsome emblem
with red crystal re-
flector to protect you
if your tail light goes out. See
your Goodrich dealer, join
Silvertown Safety League, get
one FREE. Or send 10¢ (to cover
packing & mailing). Dept. 450,
The B.F. Goodrich Co., Akron, O.



New kind of tire protects you from dangerous, high-speed blow-outs

"I'D RATHER try to 'bring back alive' a roaring lion than bring myself safely through another blow-out accident," says FRANK BUCK. "When that tire blew out—when my car plunged off the road—there was nothing I could do to avoid the crash. When I take my family or friends out for a ride I want to be sure to 'bring 'em back alive.' So now I'm playing safe by riding on Goodrich Silvertowns."

What causes blow-outs

When a man like Frank Buck says a blow-out is more dangerous than going into the jungle to capture wild animals, don't you want to do all you can to avoid having one yourself? Can you afford to risk your life with these high-speed blow-outs, when Goodrich Safety Silvertowns, the *only* tires with the Life-Saver Golden Ply, cost no more than other standard tires? Get a set of Silvertowns now. You'll get real blow-out protection and months of extra mileage FREE.

When you drive forty, fifty, sixty miles an hour, terrific heat is generated *inside* the tire. This heat causes rubber and fabric to separate—blisters to form—blisters that grow bigger and bigger until BANG! Your tire blows out. Anything might happen.

But in Goodrich Safety Silvertowns the rubber and fabric don't separate, for the Golden Ply invention resists internal heat. Blisters don't form. These high-speed blow-outs are prevented before they get started.

More miles . . . safer miles!

Go to your Goodrich dealer. See the new Safety Silvertowns. Press your hand on the extra-thick deep-grooved tread. Feel the big, husky cleats grip. Then you'll know why they also give you maximum protection against dangerous, "tail-spin" skids. Don't drive around on dynamite. Put Golden Ply Silvertowns on all four wheels. They cost not a penny more than other standard tires.

Copyright 1935, The B. F. Goodrich Co.

The **Goodrich** *Safety* **Silvertown** 
WITH LIFE-SAVER GOLDEN PLY

Antler Activities

A REPORT OF PROGRESS

by C. Fenton Nichols, Grand Lodge
Antlers Counsellor

TIFFIN, O., LODGE

This Lodge is growing steadily. The 1934 Mother's Day Program presented by the sponsors was prepared by the Antlers. The performance will be repeated in 1935. The Antlers will also assist in the Flag Day observance. All dues have been paid to date, and the Lodge is in excellent financial shape. A pool table and other furnishings have been purchased for the boys' club rooms. A contemplated program of the Tiffin Antlers is designed to bring the boys into contact with City officials, high school principals, heads of industry and prominent business men through the medium of interesting talks delivered by these men. It is also felt that through this plan the guest speakers will carry away a favorable impression of the junior branch of the Order.

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF., LODGE

A Football Night was recently held by the Antlers, who invited coaches from Stanford University, the University of California, the University of San Francisco, Santa Clara and St. Mary's Colleges, and from local high schools, to participate. Also present were cheer leaders from high schools along with two high school bands. An interesting evening of talks delivered by the guests also included motion pictures of the football game between Stanford University and the University of California. The attendance numbered well over 300. Recently the Antlers of San Francisco Lodge appeared before their sponsors and presented a three-act comedy. The play was far from being amateurish and was exceedingly well received. Several amusing novelty numbers were also introduced by the boys.

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH, LODGE

Officers and members of the Salt Lake Antlers Lodge expected, at the time of writing, to appear before their sponsoring Lodge of Elks for the purpose of exemplifying the Ritual.

SAN DIEGO, CALIF., LODGE

Although this Antler Lodge has been instituted but a short time members are already showing marked enthusiasm. The membership, constantly growing, is taking a keen interest in all Lodge affairs whether social or athletic. A glee club has been assembled and a band has also been added to the many group organizations formed within the Lodge. The institution of the San Diego Lodge of Antlers on November 24, 1934, was conducted under the auspices of officers of San Diego Lodge of Elks. The Charter Class was made up of 111 leading young men of the City. The officers were publicly installed by a selected group of Antlers from neighboring Southern California Lodges. An ambitious program was presented, the evening's festivities being brought to a close with the rendition of the Antlers' "Toast to Mother," in which 500 spectators joined.

HUNTINGTON PARK, CALIF., LODGE

A large gridiron fete was held by the officers and members of the Huntington Park Antlers Lodge, to which were invited coaches and players of Southern California football eleven. More than 250 attended the affair.

BOISE, IDA., LODGE

This Lodge was instituted on December 20, 1934. E. R. E. D. Baird, of the sponsoring Elk Lodge, has selected an Advisory Council made up of representative citizens of the City. Most of the charter members of the Antlers Lodge were at one time Boy Scouts.

PORT ANGELES, "NAVAL," WASH., LODGE

The Antlers of the Naval Lodge were organized on October 22, 1934. The Advisors named by E. R. Joseph H. Johnston of the sponsoring Lodge, have all been active in Boy Scout work, nearly all members of the initiated class of candidates being former Boy Scouts. About half the present membership are sons of Elks.

SANFORD, FLA., LODGE

A large number of former Boy Scouts of Sanford were organized into an Antlers Lodge on October 30, 1934, by the Sanford Elks. The program outlined by the officers, in cooperation with the members of the Advisory Council, indicates that this Lodge will assume a leading role in the affairs of the junior Order.



East Broad Street is but one of the many beautiful boulevards in Columbus, Ohio—where the Grand Lodge will convene for its 1935 Reunion the week of July 15th

Three Candidates for Grand Lodge Office

CHARLEROI, Pa., Lodge, No. 494, announces that it will present Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters as a candidate for re-election at the 1935 Grand Lodge Convention in Columbus.

Mr. Masters has been a member of the Order since 1903, when he joined Charleroi Lodge. He was elected Exalted Ruler in 1908 and was a Representative to the Grand Lodge in 1909. In 1911-12 he served as Chairman of the Grand Lodge Auditing Committee. In 1915 he became a Grand Trustee and acted as Chairman of the Board of Grand Trustees for three years of his term. In 1920-21 he was Chairman of the Grand Lodge Committee on Social and Community Welfare.

In 1922 Mr. Masters was elected to the office of Grand Exalted Ruler. From that year—when he was a member ex-officio—until 1927, he served as a member of the Elks National Memorial Headquarters Commission. He was appointed Grand Secretary in September, 1927, and has been reelected to that office at every subsequent Grand Lodge Convention.

Minneapolis, Minn., Lodge Presents W. C. Robertson for Grand Treasurer

MINNEAPOLIS, Minn., Lodge, No. 44, has announced that it will present P. E. R. W. C. Robertson as a candidate for Grand Treasurer at the Columbus Reunion.

Mr. Robertson has long been an active and hard working member of Minneapolis Lodge. He was District Deputy for Minnesota North in 1919-20, and has been a member of various Grand Lodge Committees almost continuously since that time. As a member of the Auditing Committee he served in 1920-21. He served five terms as a member of the Social and Community Welfare Committee

—one in 1922-23, three successive years from 1925 to 1928, and from 1932 to 1933. He was Chairman of the Ritualistic Committee for two terms, from 1928 to 1930, and a member of the State Associations Committee in 1931-32. Mr. Robertson is also a Past President of the Minnesota State Elks Association.

Dixon, Ill., Lodge Presents Henry C. Warner for Grand Trustee

DIXON, Ill., Lodge, No. 779, will offer the name of P. E. R. Henry C. Warner for the office of Grand Trustee at the 1935 Convention. Mr. Warner, a District Deputy for Illinois Northwest in 1927-28, also served as President of the Illinois State Elks Association in 1929; as Grand Esquire for the year 1932-33, and as a member of the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary for the years, 1930-31, 1931-32 and 1933-34.

Plan for Instituting New Lodges Extended

THROUGH P. G. E. R. Floyd E. Thompson, Chairman, State Associations Committee of the Grand Lodge, announcement has been made that the original plan of presenting the Order with 67 new Lodges by February 16th, which was its 67th Birthday, has been extended to March 31st, when the Lodge year terminates.

Officers of all State Associations are urged to take immediate advantage of improving business conditions to the end that this splendid objective will be achieved within the ensuing 31 days.

Under the Spreading Antlers

News of Subordinate Lodges Throughout the Order

Elks Gather at Memorial Building

Sunday, January 20, about 150 Elks who live in Chicago, but who are members of Lodges outside the Chicago area, met at the Elks National Memorial Headquarters Building at a get-acquainted gathering. The group enjoyed viewing the murals, statuary and other beauties of the Memorial and the lecture by the attendants who explained the principal features. A social session followed, at which there were introductions all around and a general good time was had while visiting and exchanging experiences.

The gathering was such a success that it has been decided to repeat it on Sunday afternoon, March 10. The attendants will give special attention to visiting Elks and their families, escorting them through the Building and introducing them to each other. Note the date and come and enjoy a delightful hour or two viewing one of the most beautiful buildings in the world and visiting with members of other Lodges.

The Order Mourns Wife of P. G. E. R. John K. Tener

Mrs. Harriet Day Tener, wife of Past Grand Exalted Ruler John Kinley Tener, died on Monday, January 21.

Mrs. Tener was known, during her husband's tenure of office as Governor of Pennsylvania, as one of the youngest, most popular and gracious hostesses ever to preside in the Governor's Mansion. She was born in Haverhill, Mass., the daughter of Donna and John Warren Day.

Married in 1889, Mrs. Tener went with her husband to Charleroi, Pa., where they lived until the election of Mr. Tener as Governor took them to Harrisburg in 1911. A leader in social life at the State Capital for four years, Mrs. Tener moved with her husband to Philadelphia in 1915 and then to New York, returning to Pittsburgh in 1922, where they have lived until the present time.

Asheville, N. C., Lodge Plays Santa Claus to Two Boys

Asheville, N. C., Lodge, No. 1401, received the following letter from a member who was in Tacoma, Wash., far from his home in West Asheville:

"Dear Santy:
"I am 3,000 miles away and it is not possible for me to be home this Christmas. I will be the only one I have ever missed. I have two little boys there, one ten and a half and one twelve years old. I have not been able to make any money out here, and therefore am afraid theirs will be a sad Yuletide.



The new officers of Yonkers, N. Y., Lodge are all past officers who took over the management when the regular officers requested it. Under their administration the Lodge is flourishing. They are, bottom row: P. D. D. Gerald Nolan, P. E. R. Tom Tobin, Edward Murray, E. R., P. E. R. John Murphy, and Joseph Crowley. Top row, Dennis Kelly, P. E. R. Edward Walsh, Arthur Monahan, John Canepi and Clarence Morey

"If it is possible for you to visit them at West Asheville, I will more than appreciate it. I have had only seven months work in two years, but am promised a position here this coming January."

Asheville Lodge responded with the following telegram:

"Asheville Lodge of Elks will be Santa Claus to your two boys Christmas Eve Night. Express our gratification to Exalted Ruler Sproule of Tacoma Elks Lodge. One boy became slightly ill with cold yesterday but nothing alarming. Rest of family's condition splendid. Wishing you a merrier Christmas, Claude B. Harrison, E.R."

It was with the greatest pleasure that members of Asheville Lodge visited this family, making arrangements so that on Christmas Eve Santa Claus visited the boys.

New Mexico State Elks Assn. Is Reorganized

A meeting of representatives of Lodges of New Mexico was held recently at Albuquerque for the purpose of reorganizing the New Mexico State Elks Assn. which was in existence until a few years ago. The Lodges represented were Las Vegas, Santa Fe, Albuquerque, Gallup and Roswell.

The representatives revived the Assn. and elected the following officers to serve for the balance of the Lodge year: Pres., Arthur E. Carr, E.R., Santa Fe Lodge; 1st Vice-Pres., H. H. Ball, E.R., Roswell Lodge; 2nd Vice-Pres., V. J. Jeager, E.R., Gallup Lodge; Secy., P.D.D. E. L. Safford, Santa Fe Lodge; Treas., D.D. George A. Fleming, Las Vegas Lodge. Directors elected to serve also for the rest of the year are W. Miles Britelle, Albuquerque Lodge; V. E. Montgomery, E.R., Tucumcari Lodge; O. L. Jones, E.R., Raton Lodge; W. A. Wunsch, E.R., Carlsbad Lodge, and E. M. Grantham, E.R., Clovis Lodge.

The meeting was the outgrowth of efforts of a Special Committee appointed several weeks ago by D.D. Fleming, composed of P.D.D.'s E. L. Safford and E. E. Huyck, and Mr. Britelle. The object of the State Assn. is to further the general work of the Order throughout the State, and to provide

a State contact with the Grand Lodge.

Mr. Fleming reports an excellent condition in the Lodges throughout the State. A large attendance was present on the occasion of his official visit to Albuquerque Lodge recently, as well as on the occasion of his visit to Santa Fe Lodge. In connection with the meeting at Santa Fe a sizable class of candidates was initiated.

East Chicago, Ind., Lodge Aids Handicapped Children

Children of East Chicago, Ind., who might otherwise face lives of partial or complete blindness, are being aided by East Chicago Lodge, No. 981, which is cooperating with the sight-saving classes of the East Chicago schools. The Elks raised a fund at a recent boxing match which was originally intended to supply milk to needy school children. After a thorough investigation it was learned that the need for such relief was not as great as that of the children who were handicapped by poor sight.

Members of the Committee in charge of the movement include Ray Stubbs, Chairman; Richard Davis, William H. Donovan and Dr. Paul B. Smith. They work in cooperation with Miss Hebert, the sight-saving teacher at Harrison School. The aims of the Committee are first to save the sight of children through corrective measures when the families themselves cannot afford the care. The second aim is to provide children who cannot be helped with books and aids to seeing so that they can gain an education.

John E. O'Neil, Secy.

Martinsburg, W. Va., Lodge Prepares for State Convention

Meetings of the various committees of the West Va. State Elks Assn. are already taking place in preparation for the annual Convention to be held August 12, 13 and 14 at Martinsburg. D.D. J. M. Ripple, of West Va. North, a P.E.R. of Martinsburg Lodge, No. 778, is General Chairman of the Convention and is working hard to make this year's reunion one of the most outstanding

in the history of the Association.

The program has not yet been completed, but it will include four dances, an old-fashioned picnic, vaudeville acts, band concerts and a trip through the various points of historic interest in West Virginia, Maryland and Virginia. Martinsburg Lodge is preparing for a large attendance at the meeting, and is planning for the reception of Elks of national prominence.

Bethlehem, Pa., Lodge Loses P.E.R. Robert J. Harte

The recent death of P.E.R. Robert J. Harte, of Bethlehem, Pa., Lodge, No. 191, came as a sad shock to his fellow members. Mr. Harte served as Secretary of the Lodge for 26 years in addition to leading the members through a term of office as Exalted Ruler. He was a member of the Episcopal Church and prominent in the fraternal life of the City.

Last August Mr. Harte submitted to an operation for appendicitis. Five weeks before his death, complications set in and he suffered a relapse from which he never recovered. He was 54 years of age. The funeral was held at the residence of Mr. Harte's son, burial taking place in Memorial Park. Bethlehem Lodge held a special service in honor of his memory on the preceding night.

J. G. Thumm, P.D.D.

Quincy, Ill., Lodge Holds Important State Meeting

A meeting of representatives of all the Lodges of the State of Illinois took place recently at the Home of Quincy, Ill., Lodge, No. 100, for the purpose of deciding the dates of the 1935 Convention of the Ill. State Elks Assn. All State committees were appointed, and the dates were set for June 7-8-9. Among the speakers at the meeting were Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters and Judge Frank B. Leonard, State President. A noon-day dinner was served to 100 members of the Order by the Ladies Auxiliary.

Among the State officers present at this important meeting were: Pres. Leonard; Vice-Presidents Archie H. Cohen, Lester C. Street, Harry P. Miller, Roy S. Preston, H. C. Hardy, F. J. Friedli and C. Amlingmeyer; Trustees Edward H. Kay, Fred J. Floto, H. H. Whittemore, W. E. Heberling, John W. Yantis, A. V. Ettlebrick and C. R. Moore; Secy. Jack Owen, and Treas. William Fritz.

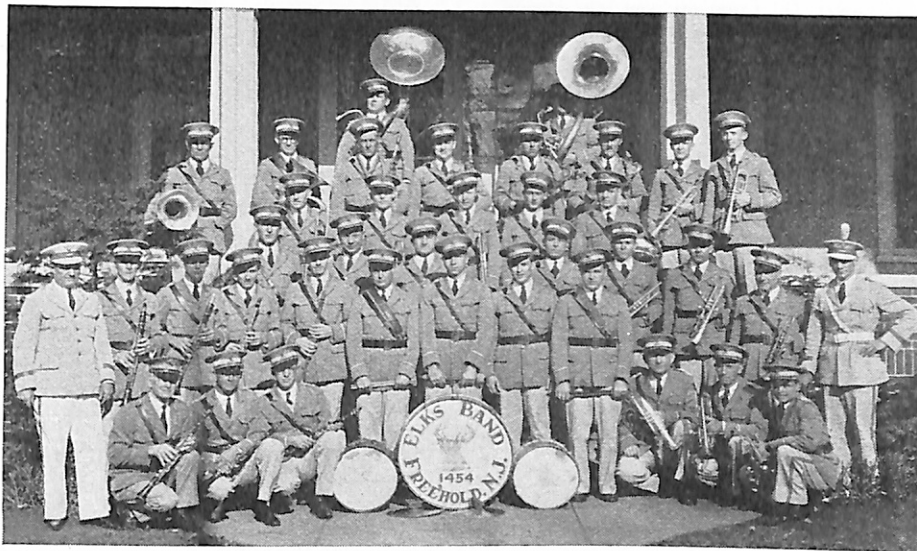
Wallace E. Heberling, E.R.

Word from Two Rivers, Wis., Lodge

Two Rivers, Wis., Lodge, No. 1380, recently had the pleasure of entertaining D.D. Arthur Gruenewald on the occasion of his official visit. Mr. Gruenewald was accompanied by State Pres. Myron E. Schwartz. At the regular session a class of seven candidates was admitted into the Order, and Mr. Schwartz seized the occasion to form another "365" Club, an organization of men who agree to donate a penny a day to the State Elks Association for the relief of crippled children. Mr. Gruenewald reviewed the Grand Exalted Ruler's program and urged its support by subordinate Lodges.

The Lodge recently conducted a successful carnival in its quarters. The entire program was presented by talent found within the membership. The proceeds went into the Lodge fund.

E.R. Joseph W. Soit has devised a plan for notifying members of special meetings and outstanding programs. He has divided the membership into groups of five, and has designated one out of each five members as a squad leader. Five squad leaders are grouped under a captain. The Exalted Ruler interviews each captain on the day



The handsomely uniformed band of Freehold, N. J., Lodge which has done much to enliven the Lodge year

This Year's National Bowling Tournament

What promises to be the greatest tournament held in several years by the Elks Bowling Association of America is scheduled for Cicero, Ill., this month. Cicero Lodge, No. 1510, will play host to the kegelers of the Order.

Members of the local Tournament Committee of Cicero Lodge are bending every effort toward making the event one to be remembered by all the Elk bowlers who participate. Committees have been named to roster 150 home Lodge teams to take care of visiting bowlers and to provide information and facilities in the way of transportation, hotels, reception and entertainment. Special reduced Convention fare rates to Cicero will be granted to all Elk bowlers and their families.

The Tournament, which will be held on 32 alleys of the Windy City Association, opens on Saturday, March 23. Entries close on March 1, 1935. That the out-of-town entries will be the most numerous in several years is indicated by the fact that reservations have been requested for more than 200 five-man teams. Louisville, Ky., Lodge, No. 8, leads with a delegation of 14 teams; Cincinnati, O., Lodge, No. 5, and Toledo, O., Lodge, No. 53, are next with 12 teams, while Pittsburgh, Pa., Lodge, No. 11, and Memphis, Tenn., Lodge, No. 27, will each send six teams.

Further information regarding the Tournament may be obtained by writing Secretary John J. Gray, 1616 S. 16th St., Milwaukee, Wis.

of the meeting, the captain interviews his squad leaders, and each squad leader notifies each member of his squad. By this means the entire membership is reminded of the meeting to be held, and no individual is obliged to make more than five calls. This thoroughly practical plan has increased Lodge attendance by fifty per cent.

Arthur Eckley, Correspondent

Jacksonville, Ill., Lodge Hears of Communism's Evils

A warning of the activities of un-American groups and the possible results of their program unless checked, was sounded by Father Frank J. Lawler in an address given at an annual duck dinner of Jacksonville, Ill., Lodge, No. 682.

Father Lawler spoke on what liberty means, and told something of the anti-American organizations which are in existence in this country. He made particular reference to the activities of Communists in the schools and colleges of the United States. He also charged that residents of this country go to Russia, are shown through "fixed" territory of that country, and return to America to join in the praises of Communism.

New Bedford, Mass., Lodge Grieves for P.E.R. W.H. Killigrew

William H. Killigrew, Trustee and P.E.R. of New Bedford, Mass., Lodge, No. 73, passed away suddenly on Dec. 24, 1934. His untimely death, at the age of 33, came as a grievous shock to the members and to his many friends in the City and elsewhere. Always active in the affairs of the Lodge, Mr. Killigrew had been cooperating in the distribution of Christmas baskets, and had complained of not feeling well when he dropped in at the Lodge Home on the preceding afternoon. He was stricken after driving his car into the garage at his residence.

Mr. Killigrew was born and educated in New Bedford. He became an Elk in 1921 and entered at once into active work, being elected E.R. in 1929, and Trustee for a three-year term in 1930. During his terms of office the Lodge prospered noticeably and due in a large part to his effort, was able to burn its mortgage in March, 1930, at which time P.G.E.R. John F. Malley and E. Mark Sullivan, present Chairman of the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary, participated in the ceremonies. Mr. Killigrew also served for a time on the Board of Trustees of the Mass. State Elks Assn. He was for 10 years Maritime Manager of the

Hathaway Oil Company and was always a staunch friend of the numerous fishermen plying in and out of the port. When news of his death spread along the waterfront on Christmas Eve, the flags of the fishing fleet were lowered to half-mast.

A police escort led the funeral procession from the Killigrew residence to St. Lawrence's Church, where a high requiem mass was solemnized. The Elks marched in a body from the Lodge Home and occupied specially reserved pews. The group was in two divisions, one consisting entirely of Past Exalted Rulers of New Bedford Lodge.

James W. Phelan, P.E.R.

Twenty-Seven Candidates Initiated by Lakeland, Fla., Lodge

Lakeland, Fla., Lodge, No. 1291, recently held one of its liveliest and best attended meetings of the past few years when D.D. S. Lehr Miller, of Clearwater, paid his official visit. On that occasion the Lodge initiated a class of 27 candidates. A large number of visitors from neighboring Lodges were present and the Lodge room was crowded to capacity. At a succeeding meeting, five more candidates were initiated.

The Lodge is sponsoring and maintaining a beautiful public park at the edge of the City on State Road 17. With the aid of the Ladies Auxiliary, headed by Mrs. Freer, wife of E.R. John D. Freer, it is kept in excellent condition. Elks visiting Lakeland this year will surely notice the park, as a life-size stone elk, on the base of which is inscribed "Elks Park," stands facing the highway at the entrance to the plot of land.

William Steitz, Secy.

News of Pueblo, Colo., Lodge

Pueblo, Colo., Lodge, No. 90, has enjoyed an active year. The Acts of Friendship program, as introduced by the Grand Exalted Ruler, has provided the Lodge with opportunities to perform several interesting and compassionate acts of charity. Mr. Shannon's pro-American program is also being carried out by the Lodge with pronounced enthusiasm. An active, though secret, Committee watches every local Communist gathering.

During the season many elaborate and entertaining social features have engrossed the attention of Pueblo Elks. Big dances to celebrate holidays, keno parties, stag parties and varied kinds of entertainment are the highlights of the social program.

During the month of February the Annual Elks Show was presented. At the time of writing, three gala nights were to be devoted to the benefit of the Crippled Children's Fund. The show was scheduled to be held in the beautiful Municipal Auditorium. It was expected that the Fund would be swelled by many hundreds of dollars.

W. J. McDonnal, Correspondent

Bemidji, Minn., Lodge Initiates Record Class

Bemidji, Minn., Lodge, No. 1052, recently initiated 73 candidates into the Order, a record class. The candidates were admitted at elaborate initiation ceremonies staged in the Lodge Home. Known as the "Walter F. Marcum Class" in honor of Past State Pres. Marcum, P.D.D. and a P.E.R. of Bemidji Lodge, the initiates received the degree from the officers of Thief River Falls, Minn., Lodge, No. 1308. The visiting Elks were accompanied by a delegation of 60 members from the northwestern Minnesota City.

Following the ceremony a dinner was served to 300 Elks from Bemidji and neighboring Lodges, including large delegations from Hibbing and Crookston as well as from Thief River Falls. After dinner D.D. H. E. Terrell addressed the gathering. F. J. Mc-



N. Y. Sun Staff Photographer



Acme

Presiding Justice Francis Martin swearing in Ferdinand Pecora, E.R. of New York Lodge, as Justice of the State Supreme Court; and, right, Justice Martin swearing in James Garrett Wallace, P.E.R. of New York Lodge, as Judge of General Sessions

Partlin acted as Toastmaster. The program included a performance by a sleight-of-hand artist and a concert by the Bemidji Elks Band under the direction of E. E. Benson.

Initiation of the 73 candidates was accompanied by the reinstatement of 35 former members, thus swelling the roll by 108. This is the largest group added to the Lodge membership in its history. In connection with the ceremony Bemidji Lodge published a ten-page historical pamphlet and Mayor Tom Smart declared the day of initiation "All-Elks Day" with the downtown section making use of the street flag display system in honor of local and visiting Elks. The event, under the direction of E.R. Larry Lindman, assisted by numerous committees and others, was a marked success.

W. F. Marcum, Past State Pres.

E.R. and P.E.R. of New York, N. Y., Lodge, Become Judges

Ferdinand Pecora, E.R. of New York, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1, former member of the Federal Securities and Exchange Commission, who served as Counsel to the United States Senate Banking Investigation, became a Justice of the State Supreme Court recently. Presiding Justice Francis Martin of the Appellate Division of the First Department came to the Supreme Court Building, and before a throng of 500 friends, justices and lawyers, swore in Mr. Pecora on the flower-banked bench in one of the court rooms.

Mr. Pecora then donned the black judicial robe and listened while members of the Bar eulogized him for his past work and predicted a bright future for him. Among the speakers were former Secretary of State Bainbridge Colby; George Z. Medalie, former United States Attorney; Joseph M. Proskauer, former Justice; former Governor Nathan L. Miller; William M. Chadbourne; Robert S. Johnstone, former Justice of Special Sessions; former Supreme Court Justice Jeremiah T. Mahoney, and former Comptroller Charles L. Craig.

James Garrett Wallace, Justice Pecora's predecessor as Exalted Ruler of New York Lodge, presented Justice Pecora with an ivory gavel, the gift of members of the District Attorney's office. Governor Herbert H. Lehman appointed Mr. Pecora to the Supreme Court Bench on January 8, and he was confirmed a week later by the State Senate.

By a curious coincidence Mr. Wallace was also appointed recently as a member of the Judicial Bar as Judge of the Court of General Sessions. Confirmation of Governor Lehman's appointment of former Assistant District Attorney Wallace to this post was unanimously confirmed by the New York State Senate on the same day that Mr. Pe-

cora was inducted into office. Shortly after Mr. Wallace was also sworn into office by Justice Martin. Judge Wallace succeeds the late Judge Joseph E. Corrigan.

Harrisburg, Pa., Lodge Initiates Large Class

Eighty-six new members were recently welcomed into the Order by Harrisburg, Pa., Lodge, No. 12, after the work of initiation had been performed by E.R. Thomas R. Wickersham and his staff of officers. Seven former members of the Lodge were reinstated. The class, named for the Dauphin County Commissioner, was known as the "M. Harvey Taylor Class." The occasion was the first anniversary of the National Class inaugurated by P.G.E.R. Walter F. Meier. Indications are that hereafter such a class will be initiated annually by Harrisburg Lodge.

The initiation meeting marked a big night for No. 12, with visiting Elks attending from 18 Lodges. The program began with a reception for the candidates, followed by a dinner for 330 Elks, including the candidates and their sponsors.

The officers conducted the ritualistic work impressively, drawing forth much favorable comment from the many Past Exalted Rulers present, and from D.D. J. J. McNamara, Jr., who made this night the occasion for his official visit. State Pres. Scott E. Drum expressed his gratification at the splendid work that the Lodge is carrying on.

Admission of this class brought the membership list of No. 12 close to its one-time 1,200 mark. The increased income from dues and fees has also helped the Lodge Treasury back to something like its pre-depression financial condition, and consequently has inspired new and beneficial charitable work.

Herman A. Earley, Vice-Pres.

Pensacola, Fla., Lodge Honors P.E.R. Vidal on Birthday

On the occasion of his 75th birthday, P.E.R. Vincent J. Vidal was tendered a chicken and oyster gumbo supper by Pensacola, Fla., Lodge, No. 497. Mr. Vidal is a charter member of the Lodge, holding Membership Card No. 1. He served as its Secretary for 25 consecutive years, and was Exalted Ruler for one term. As a testimonial of appreciation for his services, an Honorary Life Membership was presented to him several years ago. On his birthday he was given a handsome lounging robe by the members of the Lodge.

Thomas A. Johnson, P.D.D.
(Continued on page 44)

Central Edition

This Section Contains Additional News of Central State Lodges



Anderson

A class of candidates recently initiated into Junction City, Kans., Lodge. The work of ritual was performed by the officers of Salina, Kans., Lodge, No. 1037 has added many members to its roster during the current Lodge year

News of Junction City, Kans., Lodge

Since November 1, 1934, Junction City, Kans., Lodge, No. 1037, has initiated 63 new members and has brought back into the fold by reinstatement 50 former members. This is a splendid achievement.

Junction City Lodge, situated in the heart of the City, is considered the civic center of the community. One wing of the building houses the Chamber of Commerce; the dining-room serves banquets for all the civic clubs—the Rotarians, Lions, Boosters, etc. The Lodge's recreation rooms in the basement are popular with the local business men.

A class of candidates was recently initiated by the officers of Salina, Kans., Lodge, No. 718, for Junction City Lodge. About 75 Salina Elks were present to witness the ceremony. At the time of writing, No. 1037 was scheduled to perform a like service for the Salina members of the Order. Junction City Lodge was also expecting to admit another class of 30 candidates shortly afterward.

James D. Reidy, E.R.

Table Tennis Tournament at Peoria, Ill., Lodge

Peoria, Ill., Lodge, No. 20, held an Elimination Table Tennis Tournament on Dec. 5, 6 and 7, in which 78 men participated in the singles and 26 sets in the doubles. It was one of the outstanding Table Tennis Tournaments of Illinois and from three to four hundred people attended each night. On the final evening, two of the most prominent amateur table tennis players in the country gave an exhibition of the fine points of this fast-arriving indoor sport.

Peoria Elks fared well in the contests. Lloyd Payne, Jr., and his partner, Walter White, won the doubles championship. Maurice Fulton was winner of the singles trophy. The Lodge attributes a major part of the success of the undertaking to the efforts of Mr. Payne who was Chairman of the Tournament. It is planned to make the event an annual one.

A. E. Stonebock, E.R.

Atlantic, Ia., Lodge Holds Two Social Events

Atlantic, Ia., Lodge, No. 445, entertained more than 400 children and several transients

at a recent party given at the Lodge Home for the children. The affair, which is an annual one, drew an attendance twice the size of that held in 1933. A delicious dinner was served at noon, and each child was presented with a sack of things to eat.

From November 27 to December 1 the Lodge held a large indoor carnival in its home, netting a return of \$1,350, which was applied to the mortgage on the building and to charity.

C. F. Thompson

Lancaster, O., Lodge Sponsors Charity Ball

Lancaster, O., Lodge, No. 570, recently sponsored a Charity Ball, the proceeds of which were turned over to the local Nursing and Welfare Assn., headed by Miss Fannie Howe. The proceeds amounted to over \$300. Besides a pleasant program of dancing and cards, music by two orchestras and a highly entertaining floor show were included in the evening's diversions. Another recent meeting of the Lodge, a stag affair, saw 140 members assembled in the Lodge

room and at supper. A class of nine candidates was initiated.

Joseph L. Ehrler, E.R.

Important Meeting Held by Marquette, Mich., Lodge

At a special meeting held recently by Marquette, Mich., Lodge, No. 405, at the request of D. D. Nelson A. Lawrence, of Sault Ste. Marie, plans were made by officers of the Lodge for carrying out the 1935 program of Grand Exalted Ruler Michael F. Shannon, especially in regard to Acts of Friendship.

After Mr. Lawrence's address to the membership, Marquette Lodge initiated a class of 12 candidates, the ceremony being carried out by the Lodge's degree team. This was the largest meeting Marquette Lodge has held in the past several years, and both the attendance and the work of the degree team were warmly commended by the District Deputy.

Following the Lodge meeting, the Elks gathered at the Northland Hotel to attend a banquet. Walter F. Gries was Toastmaster, and the speakers were Mr. Lawrence, E.R., John G. Stenglein, P.E.R.'s Frank G. Jenks and George Hawke, Leslie La Fortune and Clarence Tamblyn. Vocal solos were sung by Amiel J. Toupin, a Past Pres. of the Mich. State Elks Assn. The Lodge was scheduled to initiate another class of candidates later in the month.

W. L. LaFortune, Secy.

Football Dinner Sponsored by Conneaut, O., Lodge

Before a gathering of fans, coaches and players from as far back as the first team in 1901, Coach Leonard Hoppes and the football squad of the Conneaut, O., High School were paid fitting tribute at the celebration banquet and program held in the American Legion gymnasium and sponsored by Conneaut Lodge, No. 256.

One hundred and fifty guests, including members of the squad, enjoyed the banquet and entertainment. A full course turkey dinner was served by the American Legion auxiliary. Climaxing the evening's speeches, in which former Conneaut High coaches and players gave realistic word pictures of the game as played earlier in the history of the School, was the talk by Tom Yarr, a coach of John Carroll University of Cleveland and former All-American Center at Notre Dame.



Table tennis players, who participated in a recent Tournament held by Peoria, Ill., Lodge



Above, front row: the officers of Chillicothe, O., Lodge. Behind them stands a class of candidates they initiated recently with an outstandingly excellent performance of the ritual

V. R. Henry, Principal of the High School, presented the championship trophy to the team and Mr. Hoppes, who has coached Conneaut High eleven to four consecutive championships, presented the letters to the members of his 1934 team. Conneaut Lodge received considerable valuable publicity for sponsoring the event.

R. E. Coley, E.R.

Decatur, Ill., Lodge Honors Charter Members

The officers of Decatur, Ill., Lodge, No. 401, honored three charter members with a dinner on Dec. 15, 1934, observing the 37th Anniversary of the founding of the Lodge. The charter members were C. C. LeForgee, Charles Housum and Aaron Kaufman. The fourth and only other living charter member was unable to attend. The original charter group numbered 65. In addition to the honored guests, a number of P.E.R.'s and several old-time members were present. J. R. Fitzgerald presided as Toastmaster and Mr. LeForgee spoke, recalling incidents of his boyhood.

A. P. Higgins, E.R.

Mount Vernon, Ind., Elks Initiate Eleven

Mount Vernon, Ind., Lodge, No. 277, added 11 new names to its roster on the occasion of the official visit of D.D. Wilbur V. Glover of Bedford. Mr. Glover's address reached its climax in his appeal to adhere to the Fraternity's patriotic dedication to stand as a bulwark against Communism and other influences menacing American ideals. There was an attendance of 75 members at the meeting. At its conclusion a hot lunch was served.

George S. Green, Secy.

News from Benton, Ill., Lodge

The third annual benefit bridge and pinochle party was held recently by Benton, Ill., Lodge, No. 1234, at the Community House. It proved to be one of the most successful and delightful social affairs ever undertaken by the Lodge. An unusually large crowd was present and everyone seemed to enjoy himself thoroughly throughout the evening. Prizes were offered to the winners of the various games.

The entire proceeds from the affair went toward the Children's Christmas Treat Fund. Much thought and care was devoted by the Lodge to the disbursing of the money.

Dan H. Ross, P.E.R.

Union City, Ind., Lodge Entertains D.D. Berry

The Union City, Ind., Elks recently entertained D.D. Ollie M. Berry of Lebanon, who paid a fine tribute to the Lodge as an organization. He was received by the officers and taken to dinner. Later he made an inspection of the Lodge Home. As this was Annual Roll Call Night, a large representation of the membership was present.

The Degree Team of Union City Lodge, No. 1534, initiated several candidates into the Order, following which several visiting Elks were introduced and addressed the gathering with a few remarks. The principal speech was that made by the District Deputy. During the evening a six-piece string orchestra played and the membership enjoyed a social hour and a collation.

Profitable Season Enjoyed by Willmar, Minn., Lodge

Through numerous activities of the Entertainment Committee of Willmar, Minn., Lodge, No. 952, the financial situation of the Lodge's treasury has been materially assisted. An automobile was disposed of, netting \$550. The Ladies Auxiliary is also a valuable asset. The ladies have done considerable work in beautifying the Lodge rooms, and presented the Lodge with a piano just before Christmas. A class of 19 candidates was taken into the Lodge in December, five members were reinstated and one was received by dimit.

During the deer hunting season, several Willmar Elks successfully invaded the northern wilds of the State and as a result the members of the Lodge, the Auxiliary and their friends were treated to a venison banquet prepared and served by John Pulos, a fellow-member. Places were set for 150.

Other events on the winter social program included a private ball attended by over 200 Elks and invited guests, and a party for 260

children held in the Lodge rooms. Through the cooperation of a local theatre manager, the children enjoyed a free show before the entertainment.

Thomas F. Carter, Correspondent

Piqua, O., Lodge Initiates 26 Candidates

At the last session held in January by Piqua, O., Lodge, No. 523, 26 candidates were initiated. The class, known as the "Phil Gates Class" was named in honor of a valued member, Phil P. Gates, Director of Music in the Piqua Public Schools. Twenty of the candidates were formerly members of the Piqua High School Band, under the direction of Mr. Gates. They now comprise the Piqua Elks Band. Delegates and visitors to the National Convention at Columbus, O., this coming July will see and hear them in action.

Over 200 Elks witnessed the initiation of the bandsmen, which was put on by the officers of Greenville, O., Lodge, No. 1139, and the degree team of Hamilton, O., Lodge, No. 93. D.D. Kent Browning of Wilmington and visitors from nine neighboring Lodges were present. The Lodge session was followed by a social hour and a midnight lunch.

Frank C. Prince, Secy.

Atchison, Kans., Lodge Initiates 17

Seventeen new members were recently admitted into Atchison, Kans., Lodge, No. 647, in a ceremony conducted by the Ritualistic Team of Kansas City, Mo., Lodge, No. 26, at the Atchison Lodge Home. D.D. J. C. Broadley, of Weir, a P.E.R. of Pittsburg, Kans., Lodge, No. 412, was present for the program after the initiation. Because of the icy condition of the roads, Mr. Broadley arrived at the Home too late for the actual ceremonies.

George H. Edwards, Secy.

Flint, Mich., Lodge Has a Fine Glee Club

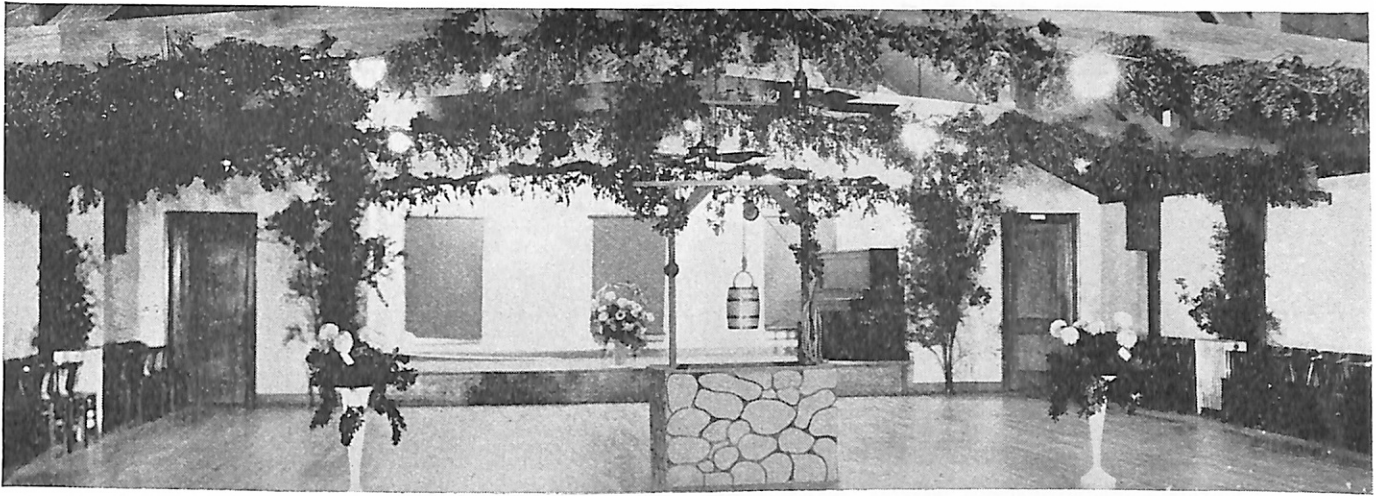
The Elks Glee Club, organized about two years ago by Flint, Mich., Lodge, No. 222, is one of the best known musical organizations in the locality. The membership, composed of 28 prominent business and professional men of Flint, closed with a waiting list. Willard Schindler is the Director. He is a former professional of note and sang with the Chicago Civic Opera Company for several years.

The Glee Club made its first appearance outside the Lodge at the annual Elks Frolic, a musical show held last Spring, before an audience of 5,000 and made an instantaneous hit. Since then its services have been in constant demand by other Elk Lodges, luncheon clubs, and school, musical and civic organizations. The Club rehearses every Monday evening with almost invariably a hundred per cent attendance. Its first annual Charity Concert was held in December at the Central High School Auditorium. The program was an ambitious one and was received with enthusiastic approval by the 250 music lovers. Mrs. Harry Winegarden was the soloist.

B. C. George



The well drilled Glee Club of Flint, Mich., Lodge



The ball room of Duncan, Okla., Lodge, decorated for an important social function

News of Duncan, Okla., Lodge

Duncan, Okla., Lodge, No. 1446, is making rapid strides in point of membership as well as in charitable achievements. In 1934 the Lodge spent more than \$700 in relieving distress in the locality. Hundreds of children were fed and clothed, many sick mothers were given medical service, and helped through operations, and baskets of food were sent to the needy at times when they were most necessary. Secy. R. R. Sharp has, by self-nomination, constituted himself a house-to-house visitor in the Lodge's effort to discover and relieve suffering.

The biggest move made in the history of Duncan Lodge was the consolidation of the Elks Lodge and the Duncan Golf and Country Club, which was brought about through the persistent efforts and convincing logic of P.E.R. Cleo D. Cund who was in office during 1933-34, at which time the consolidation was made. His successor, E.R. O. B. Powers, has enjoyed an unusually active regime. He was inducted into office immediately after the merger with the Golf and Country Club, which brought 100 new members into the Order. Mr. Powers' interest and continued activity has brought him recognition as a prominent figure among the Lodge's list of leaders.

*M. B. Carley, Chairman,
Publicity Committee*

Aberdeen, S. D., Lodge Holds Annual New Year's Toast

Approximately 150 members of Aberdeen, S. D., Lodge, No. 1046, met at 11 o'clock on the morning of January 1 to make their first annual New Year's Toast. Among those on the program (in the order in which they spoke) were the following: E. O. Johnson, P.E.R.; Howard C. Anderson; E. V. Campbell, P.E.R.; William Hagen; Dr. T. C. Bonney; Roger Campbell, Clarence Dresselhuys; B. B. O'Brien; J. Ford Zietlow, P.D.D.; A. M. Shanahan; P. E. Miller; George Crane, P.E.R.; Dr. R. G. Mayer, D.D.; C. J. Dalthorp; L. T. Van Slyke, and Chaplain August Ludolph.

E.R. H. E. Walker acted as Toastmaster. The Elks Chorus rendered several selections. All expressed themselves as being highly pleased with the initial ceremony, and hope that the custom will be continued each New Year's Day.

Dr. R. G. Mayer, D.D.

Ashland, Wis., Lodge Entertains Professional Men

Ashland, Wis., Lodge, No. 137, recently entertained the doctors and lawyers of the Cities of Ashland, Washburn and Bayfield at a

banquet. More than 30 professional men were present, many of them prominent in the activities of Ashland Lodge. The occasion coincided with the official visit of D.D. Walter B. Chilsen, of Merrill.

The evening's entertainment was opened with a banquet in the Lodge rooms. A regular Lodge session followed, with Mr. Chilsen delivering an address on Patriotism. The meeting was followed by talks by visiting professional men. C. J. Lamereaux, well-known member of the Wisconsin bar, presided.

Walter B. Chilsen, D.D.

Eau Claire, Wis., Lodge Busy with Charitable Activities

The Social and Community Welfare Committee of Eau Claire, Wis., Lodge, No. 402, reports that the Lodge is distributing milk to 19 needy families of Eau Claire during the winter months. One to four quarts of milk per day, according to the number of children in each family, are allotted. The Lodge recently entertained 2,500 children at a theatre party. Each child was presented with apples and candy. During the holidays 2,500 toys were given to poor children of the City.

C. M. Gilbertson, Secy.

News from Blue Island, Ill., Lodge

January was a month of activity in the calendar of Blue Island, Ill., Lodge, No. 1331. P.E.R. Enoch Carlson was honored on his birthday, when 150 members and their wives enjoyed a fine dinner and entertainment. On January 17 D.D. Charles E. Mason paid his official visit to the Lodge, where he was welcomed by a fine attendance. After the meeting a midnight lunch was served and a program of entertainment presented for the amusement of the assemblage.

Charles W. Blaney

Clam Supper Held by Jackson, Mich., Lodge

Jackson, Mich., Lodge, No. 113, recently put on a supper and entertainment unique for a Lodge so far inland. The main course of the meal was steamed clams. Five barrels of the bi-valves were obtained and prepared, and 400 Elks partook of them. A gaily decorated dining room, in which musical and vaudeville entertainment was presented, contributed to the enjoyment of the affair.

The following members were on the Committee in charge of the clam feast: I. C. Levy, Chairman; P. A. Schuch, Edward Crowley, John Sabin, J. W. Cookson, F. B. Chandler, Dr. Enders, Harry McCulloch, G. H. Graham, William McBeth and Joe H. Wilson.

*James J. Noon, Member,
Grand Lodge Com. on Judiciary*

Activities of Newcomerstown, O., Lodge

During a two-months membership campaign which was sponsored by the Trustees of Newcomerstown, O., Lodge, No. 1555, the roll of members has been increased 65 per cent. The drive culminated in the initiation of a class of 41 candidates at a ceremony attended by 215 local and visiting members. A class of 19 candidates had been initiated a short time before.

The larger of the two classes was named in honor of a distinguished member of the Lodge—D.D. Ralph W. Scott of Ohio S. E. After the ceremony Mr. Scott expressed his sincere appreciation of the honor conferred upon him. Visiting members praised the Lodge's Ritualistic Team for the fine manner in which it conducted the initiation. A social session closed the meeting. The sponsoring Trustees are: J. J. Gainor, R. Lellan Shoemaker and Perry Murphy, all of whom are held in high esteem for their progressive activities. E.R. John F. Richmond has also been active in expanding the membership.

Newcomerstown Lodge successfully undertook another project in its Charity Program recently. An Elks Charity Newspaper Edition was sold by members and the proceeds used to defray the expenses of a party held for 200 indigent children in the Lodge Home. Each child was given shoes or an article of clothing. The local American Legion Post assisted in financing the party.

A series of dances was conducted by No. 1555 during the winter. The affairs attracted many members and their wives from neighboring Lodges. Two bowling teams are sponsored by the Lodge in the City Bowling League. The Bucks' team has been setting the pace in the League.

Harold House, Correspondent

Jacksonville, Ill., Lodge Holds Two Affairs

Jacksonville, Ill., Lodge, No. 682, recently held a large family party for Elks and their immediate relatives. More than 125 persons attended, spending an enjoyable evening of dancing and card playing. A roast pig buffet supper was served after the delivery of the Eleven O'Clock Toast.

Late in January another similar affair was held, this time in the form of a wild duck dinner for all members in good standing. More than 75 members made their appearance despite extremely cold weather and icy roads. The principal feature of the dinner was a speech by the Rev. Father Frank Lawler, Past State Commander of the American Legion. He made a stirring address against Communism in all its forms, upholding one hundred per cent Americanism.

Denham Harney, Secy.

Elkdom Outdoors

J. H. Hamilton and Wilbur B. Hart

Associate Field Sports Editors



Above: *Bohn Grim, Leon Stroup, Raymond Reed and Donald Brew, of Sturgis, Michigan, Lodge, with their bag of game killed in northern Michigan during the past hunting season. The big bear in the center of the picture was turned over to Sturgis Lodge and nearly 100 members enjoyed the feed that resulted*



Above: *Vince T. Hobbs and H. J. Wirbel, of Hamilton, Ohio, Lodge with their two crack bird dogs and a fine bag of pheasants killed during the recent hunting season*



Below: *William F. ("Red") Cloone, of Minot, N. D., Lodge, with his prize-winning six-pound black bass taken at his secret fishing place outside of Minot*



Above, Left to Right: *Alex Auchinachie, Frank Murray, Eddie Ruell (guide), Francis Jessie (guide), Howard Thurston, Earl Parker, Elmer Terrell, Louis Hart and Lynn Button, of Binghamton, N. Y., Lodge, with their kill of deer taken at Tupper Lake, in the Adirondack Mountains. Each member of the party killed a large buck. Although they were in camp for a week, the deer were killed in just under two days' hunting time*

Left: *A. B. Karpe, of Shreveport, La., Lodge (left), travels a long way for his deep-sea fishing, but gets results. The fish is a marlin swordfish and weighed 218 pounds. It was caught off the coast of Catalina Island—a fisherman's paradise*





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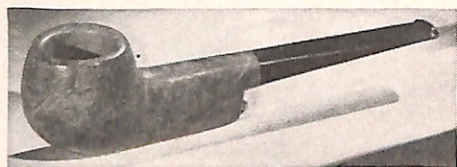
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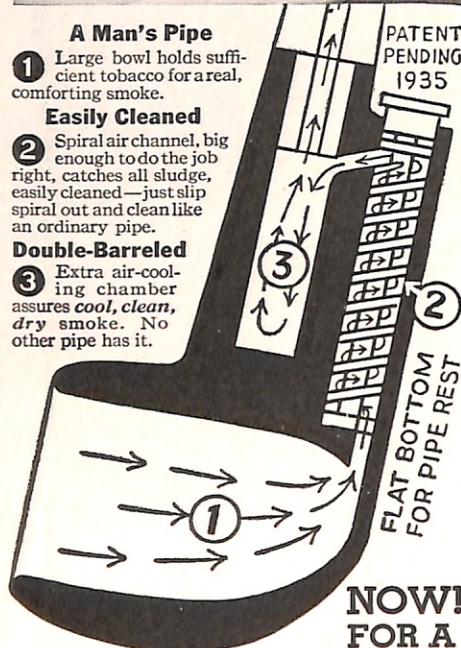
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Thoroughbred

(Continued from page 15)

he muttered. The watch passed without incident and he went back to his bunk with a feeling of thankfulness.

Again next night Marsden peered into the darkness. There was a tiny breeze from right ahead; just breeze enough to carry the smoke astern. But a heavy swell was running, so that the steamer's bow was high on a ridge at one moment and deep in a trough at the next. Of a sudden he stiffened. Then, sure that it had been only imagination that had caused him to see a dark shape in the blackness ahead, he relaxed. But almost at once there came to his nostrils the acrid smell of coal smoke. He sprang to the engine-room telegraph, rang the engines full astern, and as he did so shouted a quick order to the man at the wheel. "What is it?" came the tense voice of the skipper who, at the first jangle of the telegraph, had leapt from his bunk and to the bridge.

"I've seen no light, sir," said Marsden, "but the wind's from dead ahead and I smelt smoke." And as he spoke there twinkled from the blackness the hastily lighted lights of another steamer.

As the two vessels drew apart, missing each other by less than a biscuit toss, Marsden heard his skipper's voice again. "Fine work, mister! That's the first time I ever heard of an officer saving two ships by using his nose."

In a few minutes Marsden was alone again. His ship was safe. He had saved her. But suppose that he hadn't saved her? How would he have behaved then? The old distrust of himself was there in full force. With the danger over, he trembled.

"It'll mean quick promotion for you, Marsden," said the first mate next day. "Just as soon as you get your mate's license you'll be finding yourself first mate." Marsden shuddered. Only a few days ago he had been dreading the responsibility of a second mate's job, and now here he was with the likelihood of far greater responsibility facing him.

A WEEK later Marsden was roused in his watch below by a sailor who told him that the skipper wanted him. Hurriedly dressing, he was aware that the ship had stopped and that a boat was being lowered away.

"There you are, mister! There's your new ship," said Marsden's skipper when he stepped to the bridge, and he saw, close by, a passenger steamer with her decks crowded with people. "Her mate's sick," continued the skipper. "He asked me to let him have my mate. Neither of his junior officers have a mate's license. I'm not going to spare him my mate. I've recommended you." And, as Marsden stared blankly at him, he asked, "What's the matter, mister? Aren't you pleased?"

Marsden managed to stammer, "Yes, sir. Thank you a lot."

"Queer fellow," thought the skipper. "Not a quiver in him the other night when we came within a tick of collision, and now he's so excited he goes dead white!"

At four that afternoon Marsden went up to take his new ship's bridge. His new skipper had barely spoken to him. In the eyes of the second and third mates he had read no good will. When he went to the saloon for dinner that evening he was aware of the passengers' eyes upon him. "They think I'm too young," he thought. As he took his place at the first mate's table, a woman asked, "And how long have you been at

sea?" The words angered him. He replied curtly, "Long enough, madam." And thenceforth no one spoke to him throughout the meal. He sensed their disapproval.

The ship was beginning to lift to a long slow swell when Marsden went to the bridge after dinner. When the third mate relieved him at eight o'clock he went to his cabin, shut the door, and sat down to think. What evil fate had brought him here, he wondered. Mate, and with no license to be mate. And then it occurred to him that did anything go wrong, he would perhaps be exonerated for that very reason. And then he instantly loathed himself for the thought. "Always a coward," he muttered. "It can't go on. Sooner or later I'll be found out for what I am." There was a rap at his door and at his "Come in," the ship's doctor entered.

"How's the sick mate?" asked Marsden, and at once despised himself. For the thought that had prompted the question had been a hope that the sick mate might soon be fit to take his place again.

"A very sick man," replied the doctor, and added, "How do you like your new ship?"

"I was never in a passenger steamer before," replied Marsden.

"One of those tough windjammer chaps, eh?" asked the doctor, and without waiting for an answer, added, "Well, you look as though you could stand plenty of responsibility."

MARSDEN felt a quick desire to tell the doctor everything, but controlled it.

"How about coming down to see the sick mate?" asked the doctor. "He's anxious to meet you."

"You've got my sympathy, old man," said the sick mate when Marsden was seated beside his bunk. Marsden started, wondering what the words could mean. And then the other added, "The skipper's a one-man navigator."

Marsden had heard of one-man navigators; skippers who, paying no attention to their officers' reckonings, navigated by their own entirely.

"If you and the second and third mates all put her sixty miles away from where he put her, he wouldn't so much as work his figures over again," continued the sick mate, and added, "How do you like the second and third?"

"They don't seem to like me very much," answered Marsden.

"They're sore because you've been put over their heads. You've dropped into a lovely billet," said the sick mate.

Back in his own cabin, Marsden sat down to try to think. A one-man navigator for skipper, fellow officers who were jealous of him, passengers who thought him too young for his job. He'd never trusted himself, and now here he was in a ship where no one trusted him!

AT noon next day Marsden worked up the ship's position and reported his findings to the skipper. The skipper nodded, and said nothing. Marsden noted that neither the second nor third mates reported their positions, which corresponded exactly with his own. When the skipper left the bridge he went into the chart room, looked at the chart, and saw that the skipper had pricked the ship's position thirty miles further to the eastward than his own figures placed her. If the skipper was right, the ship was steering a safe course. But if he was wrong, she

was on a course that must put her ashore. He came from the chart room and said to the second mate, "The skipper puts her thirty miles farther east than we do." The second shrugged his shoulders, as much as to say, "None of my business."

A passenger spoke to Marsden as he took his place at the lunch table. Too preoccupied to hear, he made no reply. No one spoke to him again throughout the meal. He was in his cabin later when the skipper sent for him. "Mr. Marsden, this isn't a cargo boat. You're expected to behave in a gentlemanly manner to the passengers," said he.

"I'm sorry, sir," said Marsden, flushing. He tried to mention the ship's position, but could not. He went to the promenade deck, where some passengers were playing shuffleboard. As he sat down amongst the on-lookers a woman asked, "Were you ever wrecked, Mr. Mate?"

"Not yet," replied Marsden, unthinkingly. "Goodness! You don't expect to be wrecked this voyage, I hope!" exclaimed the woman. He contrived to retain his composure and said, "No, indeed. I should say not!"

"What would you do if we were wrecked?" asked a man.

LOOKING down to the blue sea, Marsden felt the old horror grip him. What would he do? There were sharks in that blue sea, he knew. Long swells lifted and dropped the ship's bows. Here and there white caps were appearing as the breeze freshened. He pictured the ship aground in that swell, with sharks all about her, and himself losing his head and behaving like a cur.

"You haven't answered my question, Mr. Mate," said the passenger. He managed to reply, calmly, "We're not going to be wrecked." As he walked away the passengers exchanged glances. One said, "I don't much care for the new mate." Another said, "He's too young. It ought not to be allowed."

Alone in his cabin again, Marsden tried to think what to do. There was one thing he could do, at any rate. At four o'clock he took a p.m. longitude sight and worked his figures back to noon. They set the ship in the same position that his former sight had done. He went to look for the skipper and found him talking with a group of passengers. "What is it?" asked the skipper. He replied, "I should like to speak to you a moment, sir."

Alone with the skipper, Marsden said, "I've taken a p.m. sight, sir. My position corresponds with my former position."

"You've an error somewhere," said the skipper, and returned to the passengers.

PACING the bridge in his afternoon watch, Marsden saw the white caps grow ever more numerous as the breeze freshened. "If I'm right, she'll go ashore at about five in the morning," he thought. How could he and the other two mates all be wrong, he wondered. But he knew that it was possible. When he went down to dinner the ship was tumbling about a good deal. The only passenger who showed up at his table was the man who had asked what he would do in case of wreck. As he sat down, the man called, "You didn't answer my question, Mr. Mate." Hoping to change the subject, he said, "You must be an old traveller. The ship's motion doesn't seem to bother you."

"That's so. But what about my question?" said the passenger.

"I don't know. We don't think about such things," said Marsden.

"You certainly ought to think about them, sir," said the passenger.

Marsden hurried through his meal and up to the deck. Presently the skipper met him.

(Continued on page 40)



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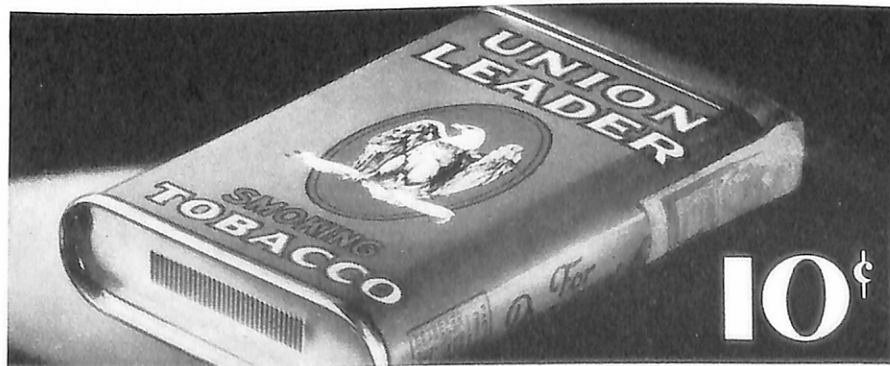
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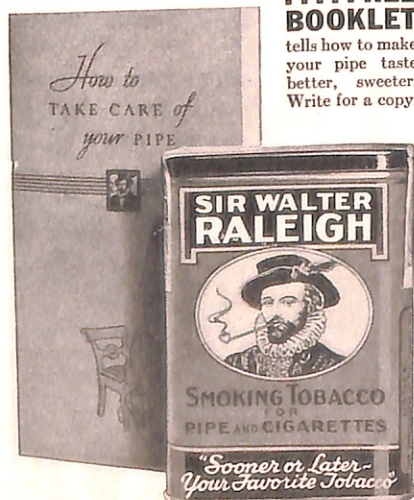
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(Continued from page 39)

"What did that passenger want to know?" he asked.

"He wanted to know what I'd do if the ship were wrecked, sir," said Marsden.

With a contemptuous grunt, the skipper strolled off.

AS soon as possible after nightfall Marsden took the ship's position by a star. It corresponded with his former position exactly. Should he go and tell the skipper that he declined to be responsible if the ship were held to her course? But suppose that, after all, there was somewhere some extraordinary error in his reckonings? Trying to think what to do, he paced the deck. A few more hours and, if he were right, he must face the crisis. "I'd be sure to lose my head," he muttered. And then it came to him that there was a way whereby he could make things absolutely sure. Perhaps the skipper would permit him to have the ship slowed down and to take soundings. Soundings would prove things at once, with no possible question.

The skipper had turned in. His cabin was in darkness. At Marsden's rap his light went on. "What is it now?" he asked querulously.

"Have you any objection to my taking soundings, sir?" asked Marsden.

The skipper's light went out. From the darkness came a gruff "Yes, I have. There's no occasion to take soundings."

Again Marsden paced the deck. Suddenly a voice behind him exclaimed, "Hello! Don't you windjammer chaps ever need to sleep?" He turned to see the doctor. "I'm not sleepy tonight," he replied. Looking at him curiously, the doctor said, "Don't let your responsibilities worry you too much, old man." Then the doctor was gone and he was alone once more.

"One more hour," thought Marsden when he took the bridge over from the second mate at four in the morning. The hour passed, and still the ship ploughed on. "The skipper was right after all," he thought. And now he breathed deep, for at last his mind was made up. It had been a grisly mistake for him to have ever come to sea. He couldn't face the sort of things that an officer must be prepared to face. When the voyage was done he'd quit the sea!

The ship lifted her bows high to a swell. Higher and higher she rose, and higher. Then, with a swift rush, she dipped deep to the trough. Marsden was flung to his knees in the darkness, but was instantly up. And in that instant pandemonium had broken loose on the decks below him. He had a glimpse of a woman in a white nightgown. He heard the wail of a terrified child and saw men running. There was shouting and swearing. And then the skipper was on the bridge. He saw the skipper plainly by the light of the after masthead light. He was bareheaded, barefoot, in his pajamas, and one hand clutched to his breast. For a moment he stood so, then dashed into the chart room. Expecting to hear the order to get the boats away, Marsden stepped after him. But no order came. The skipper was paying no attention to him or to anything, but was rummaging in a drawer.

Marsden saw the skipper take a revolver from the drawer. And then his arms were round the skipper and they were struggling for possession of the revolver. And then Marsden was aware of the doctor looking amazedly on and knew at once that he was thinking that the skipper wanted to shoot the officer in whose watch the ship had gone ashore.

"It's himself he wants to shoot," gasped Marsden. And before the doctor could raise a hand the skipper had lifted the revolver and had fired it. Marsden saw a red splotch widen at the skipper's shoulder.

"Look after him, doctor," ordered Marsden

and, with the revolver in his own hand now, leaped down to the deck.

"Steady, everyone! Steady!" shouted Marsden, not a quiver in him.

The second mate appeared, and at his heels the third.

"Get the boats away! Women and children first!" ordered Marsden. The man who had asked him what he'd do in case of wreck ran by. He grasped and held him. Other men were running for the boats. "Steady! Steady! I don't want to have to shoot!" he called. And then he lifted the revolver and fired into the air, and the rush stopped at once. Men with chalk-white faces were staring at him. Women were staring at him. "Please don't get excited, ladies and gentlemen!" he said. "There's lots of time if you all do as you're told." He might have been taking the tickets at the door of a theater where some popular show was running, so entirely unconcerned did his tones seem. He was aware of a small child clinging to one of his legs. He lifted it to his arms. "It's all right, sonny," he said. "Nothing's going to hurt you."

WHILE boat after boat was swung out and filled with people, Marsden walked calmly up and down, the child in one arm, the revolver in his other hand. Soon the second and third mates' boats were gone, and two more boats in charge of quarter-masters. The child he had put into the second mate's boat, the first boat away. There was only one boat left now. Into it he sent the last of the men passengers, amongst them the one who had asked him what he would do in case of wreck. "Don't be frightened," he said, patting the man's shoulder, and added, smiling: "You know now." Then he had the sick mate placed in the boat and called to the doctor to bring the wounded skipper.

The skipper looked wildly round. "I've got to stay by the ship," he cried.

The doctor caught Marsden's eyes and said, "He's not badly hurt if we can keep him quiet. But he must be kept quiet."

Struggling to free himself from the hold of the doctor and a sailor, the skipper cried again, "I've got to stay by the ship!"

"It's all right, sir," said Marsden. "I'm going to stay by the ship. You don't need to worry about the ship at all." The skipper stared at him blackly, but was at once quiescent. They passed him into the boat, and the doctor jumped into her after him.

"Come on, Mr. Mate!" called the doctor.

"All right, doctor. Get away now!" ordered Marsden.

"Come along! Come along, Mr. Mate!" urged the doctor, and pointed to the skipper lying unconscious in the boat's bottom.

"Obey orders! Get away at once!" retorted Marsden sharply.

Alone on the grounded ship, Marsden watched the boats' lights vanish into the distant darkness. Soon after they were gone the dawn opened. The sea was empty. Far from the hidden reef, the shore was nowhere to be seen. The ship was slowly settling, going deeper and deeper into the sands. Swells were breaking over her main deck now. Sharks swam all about her. "Not very nice," said Marsden to himself and took the revolver from his pocket. "This will be better than that."

Soon only the bridge and boat deck were left above the sea. Marsden leaned on the bridge rail and watched the swarming sharks. Suddenly he flung the revolver to the sea. "A man doesn't kill himself," he muttered. "That sort of thing doesn't do." He went into the chart room and shut the door behind him. Soon water came trickling in under the door. There wasn't a quiver in him as he watched it grow steadily deeper.

Time passed. The ship had ceased settling. But Marsden knew that it was low

tide and that when the tide rose it must engulf her. He was tired. He lay down on the settee, folded his arms on his breast and went to sleep.

He didn't hear the chart room door open. It was the doctor's words that roused him. "We've come for you, Mr. Mate. All the boats are safe; everyone picked up."

Marsden opened drowsy eyes. Rubbing a hand across his forehead, he murmured, "There aren't any bears." Then, wide awake, he rose and saw the rescuing steamer close.

WHAT on earth had you been dreaming about when you said, 'There aren't any bears?' asked the doctor as he and Marsden walked the deck of the rescuing steamer that evening. "How in the name of everything could a fellow dream about bears when in such a fix as you were?"

"Bears?" asked Marsden. "Bears, eh?" And he laughed contentedly. And that was all that the doctor could get out of him.

He's Captain Marsden now. In command of a crack liner at twenty-five. Had to pay a bit of a price for it, eh? Lucky he had the stuff in him to see him through, eh? It just goes to show the folly of being rough with a thoroughbred.

They Used to Call It Pool

(Continued from page 17)

"I won the lag and, playing steadily, ran away to a 64-0 lead before he found his game. He made seven, then 10, and we were 64-17, still a comfortable margin. But he kept gaining. Before long the score was 93-68 in my favor, but the whole situation had changed. Instead of dominating the table I was being chased for my life. A run of 16 gave me another good start, but Courtney promptly responded with a run of 28, putting him only 13 points behind at 109 to 96—considerable difference, you'll admit, from the situation earlier in the game. A lucky run at this point placed me once more up front, and finally I ran out at 125 to 111 in an atmosphere so electric I could hardly drop the final ball.

"I could tell you about other matches when I've seen players who were behind come through, and once I was the under dog myself. Back in 1922, playing a Westerner named Frank Murphy, I was led by 92 points when he needed only a single ball to win. However, I hung on, and finally came through. You'd be surprised what you can do if you keep trying. Don't always play to the score. Play to win.

"Are you a hard luck guy? One of those who always have tough breaks when playing a match? The other chap gets all the luck, does he? Forget it, that's my advice to you. Because there isn't any such thing as hard luck or a tough break when it results from your own shot. Don't fool yourself. When you miss a ball, when you shave a pocket, when you have a dozen close breaks against you, it isn't bad luck. It's bad shooting. The only thing you can call bad luck in pocket billiards is when your opponent leaves the balls in a poor position for your next shot.

"Right here let me say that good luck comes to the good player who knows how to play. I never worry about the condition of the table, either, although in my years of playing all over the country I've hit some awful set-ups. But I always figure it's just as bad for the other man as for me, and

(Continued on page 42)



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that we're on the same basis. Never worry or growl about playing conditions. It isn't conducive to good play. Concentrate on your game, get the best out of yourself and let the other man do the worrying.

"Just as an instance of what I mean, several years ago I was playing a friend of mine who is quite a local pocket billiard celebrity in Grand Rapids, Michigan. I won five straight games the first night and he went home complaining of the condition of the table, the cues, the balls, the light and everything else. Although it was his home town, mind you. The next evening we got together again, on the same table and under exactly the same conditions. He beat me six games to none. I don't remember that he attributed this to my bad luck.

NOW just a word to you beginners. Lots of folks believe in a certain way of standing or a regular method of holding the cue. I don't. My suggestion to you is: be natural. Above everything else, be natural—be easy. So long as your stance is such as will maintain good balance, there is not the slightest reason to stick to any arbitrary position of the feet. A man with chubby fingers obviously needs to make a bridge in a different manner from a man with piano fingers.

"There are just three things to say about your grip on the cue, and you'll be safe if you observe these rules. Don't hold the cue too tightly. When you do this you contract the fingers and forearm, thus impairing wrist action. Don't hold it too far forward, because there will be too much distance between your bridge and the ball. Don't hold it too far back because then you must pull it ahead. That means arm motion which is apt to produce up and down action.

"Doubtless you've heard of follow-through in golf and other games? Well, follow-through is just as important in pocket billiards. Don't stop or jerk your cue back when you've hit the ball. This is a common mistake with beginners. Your cue should go beyond the point where the cue ball lies. Try practicing your stroke by hitting a ball without attempting to aim it. Do this until you have a free, easy follow-through, and you'll shorten your period of bad playing by many years. When I'm asked exactly what the motion of the cue should be, I always say it should resemble the piston of a slow-moving locomotive—free, sure and straight.

"Learn from the start to play with both hands. This is an accomplishment that often gives you an advantage in a tight spot. Next, don't hurry. Here's the chief fault of many players. They hurry. The champion can take things in his stride, but you had better go slow. In hockey, tennis and other games, a man hasn't any time to think. His actions must be automatic. But pocket billiards, like chess, gives you all the time in the world. Yet how often you see average club players when their turn comes, step up and whang the ball without any study of the situation—often without more than just a glance around the table.

"The champion with years behind him may get away with this, but you can't. Take your time. Chess and pocket billiards have much in common; they permit you plenty of time. Pocket billiards, like chess, also requires the good player to look ahead at least three moves. A champion can usually tell what the lay-out on the table will be at least five shots in advance. Study the situation, look the table over carefully, don't bother about the other man.

"Right here let me say that I firmly believe many average players who don't seem to make rapid progress would improve enormously were they to give a little thought to the psychology of the game. Forget your opponent. Play the table; don't play the

other man. Remember that the winner is the man who plays consistently for position. I stress this again and again because even good players get careless and forget it. That's often the reason you are beaten by your inferiors. It is better to pass up an easy shot if there is a hard one presented by which you have a chance of getting better position for that important cue ball.

POCKET billiards is one game where physical disabilities don't count. Are you too fat, too small, too big, too thin? Are you stooped-shouldered or bow-legged. Are you lame, blind in one eye; do you wear glasses or walk with a cane? It doesn't matter; you can be a good pocket billiard player regardless. I've worn glasses most of my life and they have not seemed to handicap me very much. Are you left-handed? Fine, so was the smartest man with a cue I've ever seen, the man I consider the greatest pocket billiard exponent of all time—Alfredo de Oro. Once I remember playing in a tournament against a one-eyed man named McKenzie. He could actually make a finer cut shot than a man with both eyes, solely on account of his disability which made for more concentrated sighting.

"On the other hand, you should remember that the physically perfect player has one weakness. Other things being equal, the left-handed player has no advantage nor is he under any handicap in a match. But most of us do have our weak side; we are stronger on one wing than the other. You should be able to find out your opponent's strong side immediately, and always attempt to leave the cue ball on the side of the table most awkward for him. Depending, of course, on whether he is right or left-handed.

"Here's a tip when playing in a tournament you are anxious to win. If you are well ahead, deliberately attempt a difficult shot. No, in all probability you won't pull it off, but often the fact of your having the nerve to try such a shot will upset your opponent's confidence so that he'll fizzle the next time he hits the ball. I've seen this happen to top class players who were paying attention not to the balls but to the other player, and who, therefore, were astounded by his coolness.

"Of course, the good player never looks at the pocket into which he is planning to drop the ball. That should be instinctive with him. Learn to know the table by feel. Any good player ought to be able to have the pocket concealed with a piece of curtain and yet drop the shot as if nothing were there. Just as a good horseshoe pitcher can make a ringer on a pin that's hidden.

"Now let's suppose you are entered for a small local tournament. The contest means just as much to you as an amateur championship does to me, and you naturally would like to win. First of all: how much should you practice beforehand? Well, that's something everyone must determine for himself. If I were anxious to come out on top, I know I'd take it pretty easy previous to the match for fear of going stale.

"Probably the best match I ever played was in the 1924 championships against Carl Vaughn of Chicago at the Crescent Athletic Club, in Brooklyn, N. Y., which I won 125 to 18. Just before that tournament I had been out on a selling tour working hard, and had only played half a dozen times in the previous month. During the championships this year in Philadelphia I only had two short games in the five or six weeks beforehand, for fear of getting stale.

"Remember that it's easier to get too much practice rather than too little. I find a lay-off right before a big tournament enables me to go out with zest and play my best game. You may be different. You may need more practice than others. Some

do need practice more than others. If, however, you are one of those players who do well in friendly games and go to pieces in tournaments, try giving it a rest just before the big match. I think you'll be surprised at the result.

"Never on any account, if you are practicing seriously, play against a man poorer than you are. This may appear self-evident, but it accounts for the failure of many good players to reach a high standard and stay there. Always pit your inexperience against your opponent's experience; that's the way to make progress. Only in doing this will you learn and your game improve. The sole thing you can get from a man you beat is what not to do.

ONE of the best tonics I know for my own game is a little snooker. Snooker is an English-Canadian-Australian game played on a larger British table, six by 12 feet, with smaller pockets and a $2\frac{1}{4}$ inch ball. Naturally you have longer shots at smaller targets. This makes for concentration, and thereafter pocket billiards seems easy. Pocket billiards requires more accuracy than balk-line billiards, and snooker more accuracy than pocket billiards.

"Eating is a most important factor in good play. Personally I never eat heavily before a match, simply a salad or something like that. Good digestion is necessary for good eyesight, and if you are over 35 you will find that a bad oyster or a soggy piece of pie will throw you off for a whole evening. It's much easier to keep yourself under control and make difficult shots on an empty stomach, for after a hearty meal the blood stream gets sluggish and the nervous system is apt to be upset. If I were really intent on winning a title I'd be careful what I ate for a week beforehand. I don't drink and haven't smoked for 20 years, but on the other hand many first class players smoke and some even are moderate drinkers. That's a thing the individual must decide for himself.

"Little things count in tournaments. Often, in fact, they make the difference between winner and loser. Don't use powder. I practically never use it on my hand or cue. When I get sweaty I wipe my hands with a handkerchief. Start using powder and you're apt to use it more and more—a bad habit. You will find that my chalk is always new because when a hole gets worn too deep in the cube, the chalk makes a ring around the ivory where it not only does no good, but can be seen by your eye when sighting, thus upsetting your concentration and deflecting your aim. Moreover it is liable to get flaked off on the cloth and spoil a close shot for you at an important moment.

"Here's another thing which may seem unimportant. Always set your chalk down right side up. Do this consciously a few times, and before long it will become a habit. Chalk dust on the cue is fine; chalk dust on the table can deflect that critical shot. In one game I played against a youngster over in Philadelphia last month I counted 68 times when I set the chalk down right side up, and 62 times when my opponent perversely set his down wrong side up. He seemed to take pains to do this. Of course it was thoughtlessness for he was young and inexperienced, but these little details all count; they are the things that differentiate the good pocket billiard player from the novice.

"Folks often ask me what is the hardest shot to make? That's a tough question to answer, but I'd say the most spectacular shot and certainly one of the most difficult is to play either end of a 14-ball rack up, cross-side. If you are a pocket billiard nut you will understand this expression. I try to

(Continued on page 44)



HE FELT LIKE A TRAMP when he tried to get by without shaving!

SOMETIMES patches of stubble on the face can be as embarrassing as patches in the pants. If you don't believe this, just think back over your own experience, or ask your friends about it. Do you remember that time you thought you'd get by without shaving—then met someone very important? Didn't you feel like a tramp—untidy and slovenly?

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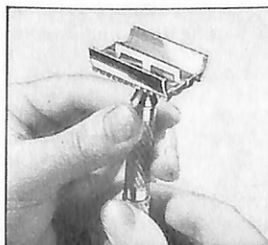
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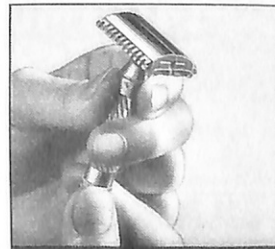
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(Continued from page 43)

knock the end ball from the base of the 14-ball pyramid against the side cushion and then drop it into the pocket on the opposite side. This is a delicate shot and the trick lies in determining which of the end balls you should pick, depending on the position of the cue ball and the speed of the cushion. To the average player I'd say that trick shots and spectacular strokes like the massé are better left to the professionals. They are clever and show you have a first rate eye and a good touch, but they seldom get you anywhere.

THE future of pocket billiards lies, I believe, in getting the kids interested, and also in developing women players. There are a number of good women players at present, and Miss Ruth McGinnis, the present woman champion, is a splendid player. But they are not yet the equal of the best men, although their number is growing, and there is no reason why they should not be top class stars. The presence of women has a marked influence in raising the standards of places where tables are located, and I always take Mrs. Showmaker to my big matches. She is a great fan.

"Several of those big matches have been played in Elks Clubs, by the way. In December, 1931, I challenged Edward Fagin after he had beaten me—each man beaten in a national tournament is permitted two challenges a year—and we played in Lodge No. 1 in New York City. I lost my title in January, 1931, to Robert Cole of Brooklyn in Lodge No. 22, Newark, New Jersey. I've played in so many different Lodges throughout the country that I almost feel like an Elk myself. I travel a great deal in my business and often on the road I get my greatest kick in pocket billiards by stepping into the local billiard hall and taking on one of the many hustlers who infest them. It always gives me a keen delight to trounce one of those birds who prey on gullible human beings.

"I'll end up with a word to the average player. Don't blame your likings on anything but yourself. The poor workman who lays the blame for an inefficient job on bad tools has nothing on the second rate pocket

National Amateur Pocket Billiards Champions

Year	Winner	High Run	High Run Made by
1913	Shoemaker	34	Reynolds
1914	No tournament on account of the war.		
1915	Shoemaker	43	Reynolds
1916	Shoemaker	34	Shoemaker
1917	Shoemaker	39	Shoemaker
1918	Shoemaker	31	Shoemaker
1919	Shoemaker	28	Shoemaker
1920	Shoemaker	36	Shoemaker
1921	Shoemaker	31	Shoemaker
1922	Shoemaker	42	Shoemaker
1923	Reynolds	29	Shoemaker
1924	Shoemaker	30	Shoemaker
1925	Vaughn	42	Shoemaker
1926	Hurd	35	Watson
1927	Shoemaker	31	Shoemaker
1928	Collins	26	Collins
1929	Yellin	41	Affray
1930	Shoemaker	42	Yellin
1931	Cole	51	Fagin
1932	Fagin	48	Cole
	(Challenge, Dec., won by Shoemaker)		
1933	Fagin	52	Shoemaker
	(Challenge, April, won by Shoemaker)		
1934	Shoemaker	44	Widman
1935	Shoemaker	52	Shoemaker

billiard player who alibis himself after a defeat by charging it to the balls, the cut cloth, or the warped cue. Just remember one thing. Balls and cues and tables are not supposed to be educated. It's the player who is supposed to possess a brain."

Under the Spreading Antlers

(Continued from page 32)

Bloomfield, N. J., Lodge Receives State Vice-Pres. H. E. Harris

Bloomfield, N. J., Lodge, No. 788, conducted one of its most important meetings in many years recently on the occasion of the official visit of P.E.R. Harvey E. Harris, Vice-Pres. of the N. J. State Elks Assn., for New Jersey Northwest. Practically all the Lodges in the District were represented at the meeting by groups of members and officers. The entertainment of the guests was conducted by the degree team of Paterson, N. J., Lodge, No. 60, an organization of 20 members. Refreshments were served and a floor show followed, lasting until the close of the evening's activities. The officers of Bloomfield Lodge took part in the Annual Ritualistic Contest under the sponsorship of the State Ritualistic Committee representing the Northwest District. These activities were in charge of P.E.R. James Finnerty.

Among those present at the meeting were Grand Trustee Henry A. Guenther; State Pres. Richard P. Hughes; State Vice-Pres. Harvey E. Harris, Nelson A. Pomfret and Herbert Gould; Past State Pres. Francis P. Boland and George L. Hirtzel; D.D. George A. Guenther, who made the evening the occasion of his official visit; D.D. Dr. William

A. Dittmar, and P.D.D.'s Frank L. Fisher and Nicholas Albano.

Irving E. Krohn,
Est. Loy. Knight

Cleveland, O., Lodge Visited by D.D. Mounts

On the occasion of his official visit to Cleveland, O., Lodge, No. 18, D.D. G. Kenneth Mounts, of Salem, was greeted by 200 Elks. Among those prominent in the Order who were present were State Pres. William G. Campbell, D.D. O. J. Shafer of the Ohio North Central District, and Past State Pres.'s J. E. Breen and W. G. Lambert.

All of the Lodges in the Ohio Northeast District were represented by both officers and members. The District Deputy's address on the principles of the Order and his message on Pro-Americanism from the Grand Exalted Ruler were received with enthusiasm. Entertainment followed the regular meeting. A splendid floor show was presented. During the course of the formal session 29 candidates were initiated into the Lodge, two were admitted on affiliation and three on reinstatement.

William F. Bruning, Past State Pres.

Bethlehem, Pa., Lodge Honors D.D. John J. McNamara, Jr.

Tribute was recently paid to John J. McNamara, Jr., a P.E.R. of Bethlehem, Pa., Lodge, No. 191, and D.D. for Pa. S.E., at a testimonial dinner held in the Masonic Temple. The event was sponsored by the Lodge in honor of the official homecoming visitation of the District Deputy, and preceded an initiation held later at the Temple. The dinner party numbered about 150 Elks from Bethlehem and a number of other cities and towns in the State.

Prominent among those at the dinner were State Pres. Scott E. Drum, Past State Pres. Harry I. Koch, and Thomas Arnold, a Trustee of Hazelton Lodge. Other Elk dignitaries too numerous to mention were also in attendance. Addresses were made by E.R. George A. Hildenberger, of Bethlehem Lodge; P.E.R. Thomas B. Kellow, a charter member; Dr. David J. Ganey, Toastmaster, and others. On behalf of the Exalted Rulers of the District, Mr. Hildenberger presented Mr. McNamara with a beautifully engraved gavel.

A class of 10 candidates was initiated by the Exalted Ruler and his staff at the regular meeting. Mr. McNamara delivered an address which was heartily received. Other speakers were Mr. Drum and Mr. Koch. At the conclusion of the meeting the Elks and visitors adjourned to the Home of Bethlehem Lodge where further entertainment and refreshments were provided.

Val A. Hammel, Secy.

Charitable Activities of Monmouth, Ill., Lodge

Every Elk of Monmouth, Ill., Lodge, No. 397, was given five tickets to the annual Charity Ball which will have been held by the time this item is published. The tickets were to be sold to help raise funds for carrying on the Lodge's year-round charity program. At the same time committees of Monmouth Elks participated in the financial campaign for the Y. M. C. A. in cooperation with Rotarians and American Legionnaires who are also interested in work on behalf of the boys and girls of the locality.

Other Monmouth Lodge committeemen helped in the sale of tickets to the President Roosevelt Birthday Ball to raise funds for the crippled children's work which is being carried on in the Monmouth clinic. The Elks have contributed to this work for a number of years.

A highlight of the year's charity program was the entertainment given for more than 500 boys and girls who were guests at the Lodge's annual dinner. The children attending were those to whose families misfortune had come.

Winchester, Va., Lodge Enjoys Visit of D.D. Kushner

An enthusiastic meeting of Winchester, Va., Lodge, No. 867, presided over by E.R. Sherman L. Farmer, was held recently with representatives of Clarksburg, W. Va., Baltimore, Md., and Fayetteville, N. C., Lodges on hand to welcome D.D. Benjamin P. Kushner of Danville, Va., Lodge, No. 227. Among those present were D.D. J. M. Ripple, E.R. C. V. Sullivan and Fred Boehme, of Martinsburg, W. Va., Lodge, No. 778, who extended an invitation to their hosts to attend the sessions of the W. Va. State Elks Assn. at its Annual Convention to be held in Martinsburg this year.

Four candidates were initiated before the visiting officials by the Winchester Degree Team. In his remarks to the Lodge, Mr. Kushner congratulated the Team upon the manner in which the degrees were conferred, and commended the members for the excellent work which is being done.

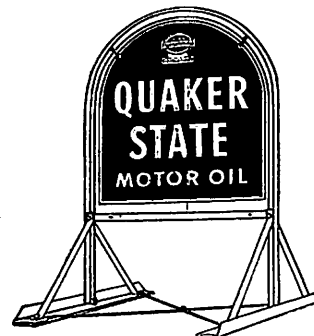
Edwin T. Snider, Secy.

(Continued on page 46)

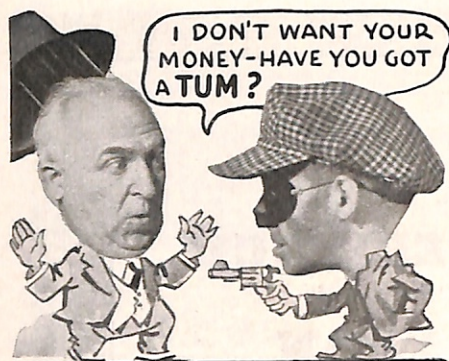
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(Continued from page 45)

Franklin, Pa., Lodge Hails Old Timers

Honors climaxed in an ovation were showered upon the old timers of Franklin, Pa., Lodge, No. 110, as they occupied the places of distinction at a large banquet in the Lodge Home recently. The affair, in addition to paying tribute to all the old timers, was held in recognition of the eightieth birthday of Frank L. Bensinger, Secretary for 13 years and a charter member. A featured event of the evening was the presentation to Mr. Bensinger of a life membership by P.D.D. James B. Borland, Toastmaster, who is also a charter member of Franklin Lodge.

Many of those about the banquet table were called upon for remarks, among them being P.D.D. Joseph Riesenman, Jr., George W. Feldman, W. W. Davison, A. R. Osmer, John L. Nesbit, Chess Lamberton, David Printz, E. E. Grimm, Robert Lamberton and Robert T. Anderson.

Moline, Ill., Lodge Gives Banquet

More than 250 persons attended the rabbit supper given by Moline, Ill., Lodge, No. 556, recently, the featured event of which was a speech by the Hon. Henry C. Warner, of Dixon, Past Grand Esquire, former member of the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary and candidate for Grand Trustee. Mr. Warner praised the principles of service and patriotism of the Order and urged their general acceptance.

The wives and women friends of the members were invited. A card party, under the direction of Mrs. George S. FitzGibbon, was held in the community room after the supper, and an orchestra played for dancing in the grill. Judge N. A. Larson, of the Circuit Court, was Toastmaster. Brief talks were given by E. R. Albert Duerr and Secy. Samuel W. Hirsch, of Davenport, Ia., Lodge.

The supper was served by the Entertainment Committee, of which Lewis Sickler is Chairman. E. R. L. W. Peirson arranged the program. The North and South winners in duplicate contract were Mrs. E. B. Neff and Maurice Kelinson, while East and West prizes went to Mr. and Mrs. Carl Lindburg. Mrs. Fred W. Linden received the first prize in auction and the second went to C. J. Sticklen.

Fred Graflund, Secy.

Roanoke, Va., Lodge Holds Charity Ball

Roanoke, Va., Lodge, No. 197, recently held its eighth annual Charity Ball. R. S. Cary, Chairman of the Committee, reported receipts of more than \$1,400. The Ball is an affair in which the members take great pride and is looked upon by the public as one of the outstanding social events of the year. Two out-of-town orchestras furnished music, and a program of dance numbers was presented by the Floyd Ward Studios of Lynchburg and Roanoke. The entire proceeds were devoted to the Lodge's welfare and relief enterprises.

The degree team of Roanoke Lodge has won three consecutive State Ritualistic Contests with almost perfect ratings to gain permanent possession of the Virginia State Ritualistic Cup. The team and its quartet have exemplified the degree of initiation on candidates for neighboring Lodges on many occasions.

Omer King, Chairman,
Publicity Committee

Dixon, Ill., Lodge Honors P.E.R. John P. Devine

In honor of the Hon. John P. Devine, P.E.R., who was elected Speaker of the Illinois Legislature, Dixon, Ill., Lodge, No. 779, recently gave a banquet. The affair was held under the effective management of Past Grand Esquire Henry C. Warner, former member of the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary. Among the 300 prominent persons in attendance were: Judge Ellwyn R. Shaw, of the Supreme Court of Illinois, and Circuit Judges Edward D. Shurtleff and Harry Edwards.

William Nixon, Secy.

Freeland, Pa., Lodge Honors Dr. H. M. Neale

With almost 100 guests present, Freeland, Pa., Lodge, No. 1145, recently paid tribute to Dr. Henry Marion Neale in honor of his 50 years of practice in the region. The speaker of the evening was the Hon. John H. Bigelow of Hazelton, who lauded the virtues of the guest of honor and praised him as one of the most distinguished men in his field.

P.E.R. M. S. De Pierro, Toastmaster, also extolled Dr. Neale's work. Con McCole supplied the humor for the program, telling many rollicking stories. Another speaker was the Rev. J. E. Lynott. A turkey dinner was served and a pleasant program of entertainment presented with music and selections by an orchestra. Among the selections rendered was a song to Dr. Neale, composed by the vocalists.

J. G. Thumm, P.D.D.

Lansing, Mich., Lodge Welcomes Oldtimers

At a special meeting held by Lansing, Mich., Lodge, No. 196, members who had been enrolled in the Lodge for 30 years or more were guests of honor. Forty-two Elks responded to the roll call, four of them being charter members and two P.E.R.'s. As his name was called, each of the oldtimers responded with a few remarks reminiscent of his early days as an Elk.

Lewis E. Rowley, a charter member, presented a paper on the history of the Lodge. The contents were of such interest to the members that it was ordered printed in pamphlet form and mailed to each Lansing Elk. A social session concluded the evening's program.

William F. Petrie, Secy.

Fairmont, W. Va., Lodge Sponsors Antler Lodge

Over 35 boys of Fairmont were invited by the Fairmont Elks to become the Charter Class of the Antlers Lodge sponsored by Fairmont Lodge, No. 294. Reports from E. R. James D. Ahern indicate that the boys are very enthusiastic and well on their way to becoming a powerful fraternal body.

Milwaukee, Wis., Lodge Secretary Celebrates Silver Jubilee

Patrick J. Kelly, Secy. of Milwaukee, Wis., Lodge, No. 46, was honored recently on the occasion of his Silver Jubilee as Secretary of the Lodge. An editorial from the *Sheboygan Press* of Jan. 23, 1935, said in part:

"We have known Brother Kelly for more than thirty years, and few men have made a greater contribution to Elkdom than the widely known Secretary of the Milwaukee Lodge. He has attended Grand Lodge meetings repeatedly."

Charles E. Broughton,
Past Grand Est. Lead. Knight

MANPOWER— Read the Grand Exalted Ruler's stirring Message on page 4, and then go out and **GET A MEMBER!**

You Try It!

(Continued from page 12)

completely anti-climactic. Instead of starting slowly and sprinting for the finish in the natural sequence of most human sports, you strike your heaviest and most powerful blow on each hole first, and end up with a tender and delicate pat hardly strong enough to bruise a butterfly.

Thus the tournament golfer on his last round needing par or sub-par for four or five holes to win wealth and fame is staring as surely into the yawning jaws of hell as any race driver, fighter or football hero. To his tired and shaken nervous system the trees lining the course reach out their feathery arms to snatch at his flying ball. The gleaming sand-traps are the hot pits of Gehenna. The fairways are rock and rubble-filled, and the greens are pocked and spiky. The gallery is composed of ten thousand staring eyes and ten million trampling feet. The slightest breeze is a howling gale, the sun a baking torture, fingers nothing but fat sausages without sensation. A pitch over a bunker to the green is a personal attempt to broad-jump the Grand Canyon, to play out of a trap is to be lost in the Sahara Desert and to negotiate a simple three foot putt is a foretaste of eternal damnation to come. The putter suddenly is made of molasses, the ball is a square of cast iron and the hole shrinks to the size of a new dime. Everything becomes distorted, magnified, over-sensitized. It is every bit as difficult to do something delicate like pitch or putt with great accuracy in a pinch as it is to let fly one more punch, take one more stride, pull one more stroke after physical exhaustion has set in.

While Bobby Jones was playing tournament golf there used to be a most curious expression at the corners of his mouth as he marched from hole to hole, a half grouchy, half sneering look of extreme distaste. It won him the reputation of being aloof, disgusted and exasperated with the galleries that whooped and stamped after him. It meant none of these things. The truth was that Jones was sick to his stomach and suffering from nausea from his nerves during important contests. He was every bit as much a hero when he canned a twelve-foot side-hill putt to win a championship, as the fullback who crashed over the two yards of disputed territory between defeat and victory.

THE football player is both envied and ridiculed for the publicity he snatches those brief two and a half months from autumn to snowfall. True, his relative importance is vastly over-emphasized, but for every layout or spread he achieves in the newspapers, showing him running, kicking, tackling—for every column printed on his swiveling hips, his deadly passing, his Thor-like plunging—he pays, and pays high in nervous strain and sheer downright physical suffering.

Beginning with the first week of practice, right through to the end of the season, there is hardly a football player who does not suffer from some physical injury acquired early in the season and which never heals completely, a wrenched knee, a bruised muscle, a strain, a sprain, a bad wrist, or elbow, swollen ankle or tender nose. Each time he goes into action, this injury is aggravated, new ones acquired. He then makes tackles when he knows that the shock and contact will be agony, hurls himself into the hard ground to re-injure half-healed sores, and crashes into scrimmages from which he knows he may emerge with per-

(Continued on page 48)



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Clove
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Peppermint
Cinnamon

Beech-Nut
Fruit Drops
Lime
Lemon
Orange

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(Continued from page 47)

manent, or at least fairly serious, injuries. Big games are frequently nightmares to the men who play in them, half-remembered hours of battle through which they fought blind and dizzy with exhaustion, brains reeling from concussion, bodies aching from contact with ground and foe, nerves at the cracking point from big game tension, half hysterical, breathless and weary.

A halfback will take the ball, spin around and pick up interferers, run for a hole, be hit across the shins by a flying body and simultaneously across neck and shoulders by a tackler coming from the other direction. As he goes down, tacklers pour over him. A cleated shoe may kick his head, an elbow smash into his face. Dazed and shaken he gets up, his head spinning, his legs a sickening ache and drags himself back to the huddle to hear his number called again around the other end. The ball changes hands, and in a minute the man is called upon to crash his way past bodies butting at him and take the shock of stopping with arms and shoulders a charging bull of a fullback who comes through with helmeted head down, hard knees pumping high.

There's plenty of that for every line of type. The newspapers aren't giving anything away. If you've played football, you'll know what I mean. If you haven't, try just one tackle.

The man in the eight-oared college shell has a little inferno all his own plugging down the four-mile stretch. For the first mile he can breathe, but thereafter, for the last three miles, his chest suddenly catches fire, and every gasp of air drawn into the lungs is like a searing blast of burning petrol. Back, shoulders, arms and legs grow from a dull ache to numbing pain. The wrists become brittle with weariness and no longer seem to connect the hands with the forearms. Toes and ankles are protesting from the pull-up, legs are wobbly and shaky from the leg-drive.

THE last mile, down the bellowing, hooting, whistling, screaming lanes of steamers is a living horror that no crew man ever forgets. It is the Mediaeval rack and the screws. The agony of the fight for breath is only surpassed by the pain of getting a lungful. With a half mile to go to the finish line, the galley slave has lost all interest in the race, where his opponents are, what the squawking little coxswain is saying. His body is at the end of its endurance. He wants nothing more than to quit, to get away from the oar that is blistering his palms and breaking his back, to lie down, to die.

His brothers, the track athletes, the men who run the distances from a quarter mile on up, experience the same or similar sensations, only they can't sit down while they are going on. With chests ablaze, eyes popping from their heads, and leaden divers' shoes on their feet instead of the light track slippers they started out with, they yet, with bodies all but killed with the poisons of fatigue, answer the challenge of flying feet and hostile breaths on their neck, or coming from behind, fight valiantly but agonizedly to overtake the flying leader. When they sway, totter and topple over at the finish line it is because they have gone "all out" to win—or to lose. They have pushed themselves to the limit of endurance and a little bit further. You have to do that to win—at anything. No palms are handed out for a grin and a breeze.

Watch the big league ball player playing short or second, glide smoothly in at the crack of the bat, scoop up the ball and whip it to first base. If he makes it there is a polite patter of applause. If he fails, boos and cat-calls—"Oh you bum!"

Bum, eh? Did you ever get out on a baseball diamond and have a ball cracked

at your shins, a streaking flash of white. In four seconds, the runner will be safe on first base. You have that much time to scoop the ball up and whip it over there. The difference between a putout and a possible scorer on base is three or four one hundredths of a second.

Unless you have done it you cannot conceive of the tremendous effort and skill in the smooth execution of a simple fielding play, and the true miracle of the double killing—two men out on a double play—action so fast that Pop Time's seconds are simply shredded. There is no time for the fielder to pause and look for the target at which he throws, first or second base. He must KNOW where the first baseman is as he starts for the ball at the crack of the bat. The pick-up of the scudding, red-hot ball and the throw to the bag is one continuous motion, the impetus for the throw being gained by the forward motion and the pulling in of the ball. If the fielder stops to look for the bag he is lost.

TIME and time again you have seen Travis Jackson, Frankie Frisch, Blondy Ryan, Rogers Hornsby—any of the crack infielders leap into the air, apparently at the crack of the bat against the ball, leap three feet up, their glove hands outstretched and come down with the ball in their mitts, a screaming liner labelled for two or three bases turned into a putout. The timing and precision and muscular agility and keen eye required for this play is little short of miraculous. At the speed which the ball, hot off the bat, is traveling there is probably a time limit of no more than one one hundredth of a second when that ball is in a position to be speared. If the jump is timed too soon or too late by that much—there goes your ball game. And yet they spear them. Every position, every play in baseball is a constant revelation in strength, skill, speed and superhuman judgment. What is it that enables an outfielder who hears the noise of ash wood against horsehide—well after the ball has been hit, due to his distance from the plate—to turn his back upon the diamond and race at top speed for the fence without once looking around, until he suddenly turns, and leaps and pulls the ball down over his shoulder? How can a man time and hit a ball that is in the air but four or five tenths of a second and therefore in a position to be batted safely less than a hundredth of a second? When a fielder fails by a step to throw a man out, don't say with the rest of them—"Aw, he coulda had him easy. . . ." I am trying to explain that in this sports business, nobody gets anybody or anything easily.

A fighter may be boxing a man rated a pushover, but somewhere in the bout, before he wins, will come at least one punch that will send curtains of blackness shimmering before his eyes, strange electric noises and cataracts rushing in his ears, or if it is delivered to the stomach, a sickening weakness that spreads a poisonous torpor over the body as though the veins were running lead.

Nobody has to be told that fighting is a dangerous and painful business. In case you have a notion that it is an easy way to make a lot of money, imagine added to the fatigue and ache of the oarsman, of the track athlete and the bruises of the football player, individual injuries aggravated and tortured by sharpshooting knuckles encased in smooth leather, cut eyes, mashed noses, bleeding lips, injuries sustained in the first minutes of fighting and borne under fire through the course of a harrowing hour.

Think of finding yourself mentally and physically exhausted, dulled, slowed and racked by the pains of fatigue, suddenly running into a stunning shock which seems to crack your skull wide open to receive floods

(Continued on page 50)

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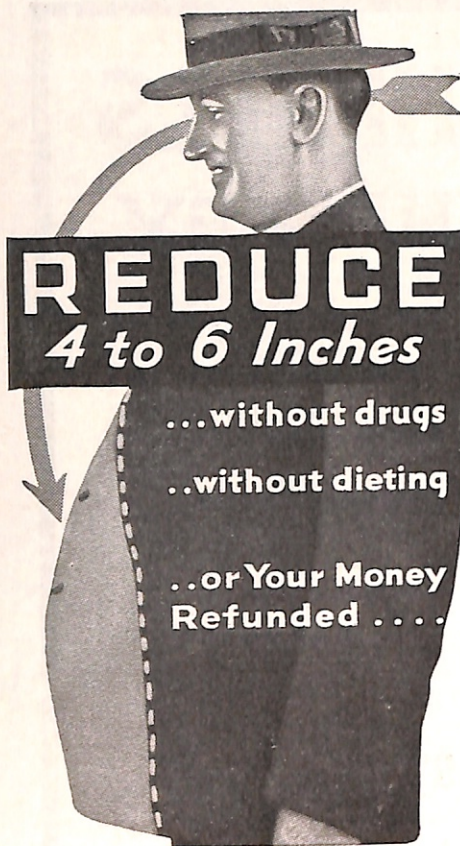
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(Continued from page 49)

of molten fire over your brain. It is a knockdown punch. You are on the floor, sick, hurt, dizzy, quivering. The ring is whirling around like a high speed merry-go-round, or tipping daffily up one side and then the other like a liner rolling in a ground swell. Your legs are made of putty and your arms of sheet lead. Instinct tells you that the count is past seven, going on eight, you must get up somehow, blind, dazed, stricken, and not only protect your body and your life against the coming assault, but yourself launch a counter attack that will stem the tide and turn defeat into victory. Dempsey did it when Firpo clouted him from the ring in their classic brawl at the Polo Grounds. Tunney did it when Dempsey floored him in the famous seventh at Chi-

cago. Those were men. They had the price to pay for victory.

Name an easy one if you can—Tennis, eh? Play through a tournament in July and then go into the final day and in the sweltering sun play a five set match that goes the limit against the big leaguers of tennis. They hit so hard and so fast that if you don't start for the place you think the ball is going when YOU return it over the net you haven't the ghost of a show of getting to it by the time your opponent smashes it back.

Pardner, there are no sucker sports. When the big prize is up, when you're playing with or against the topnotchers, they're all tough. You're either a man and prepared to suffer, sacrifice, go "all out," give everything to win, or you don't belong. If you don't believe me, YOU try it.

Skip Tracer

(Continued from page 9)

"And beyond that, it's my only solace. When I play it takes me out of myself a little; helps me to forget unpleasant things."

She laughed self-consciously and then looked over at Bill and smiled. "There is one other consideration though. I hope to get a check soon—a rather substantial one. Mr. Lovejoy has been kind enough to gamble on my getting it." She looked back at me. "I'll make a bargain with you," she said. "If the check doesn't come within ten days, I'll sell you the clavichord."

I COULDN'T take my eyes off her face, and for a minute I didn't say anything. I was thinking of that egg in the frying pan and how pale she looked, and hungry.

I had my hand in my pocket rubbing a couple of bills together and I pulled one of them out. It was a twenty.

"It's a bargain," I said. "Here's something to bind it. If you get the check, you can pay me back. If you don't, it goes on the sale." I laid the bill on the keys. Then I bowed out and ducked down to Bill's flat.

When he came down he was grinning. "She tried to give it to me for the rent," he said.

The next day was pretty hectic. Marescu had a four-day start and there were a lot of loose ends to pull together. Fortunately, there was an empty office next to the 41st Street place where he'd last been. I rented that and we planted a telephone through the wall. Then we tapped his telephone line and rigged up an instrument in our office so we could answer his calls. I put an operative on the job with instructions to take everything that came through.

Then I spotted four more men at what looked like strategic points. After that, I went back to Turtle Bay to keep an eye on this Linda Waring.

I COULDN'T get the girl out of my mind. Her story about the clavichord could have been phoney, but the way she told it made it look like gospel. And if it was true, what was Marescu chasing her for? I began to get an inkling when I checked with my man on 41st Street at five o'clock.

"Four guys called," he said. "One locates a Murphey and another a Cohen and so on." He shoved a piece of paper before me with the names and addresses. "It's all routine stuff, except this." He pointed to a series of brackets on the report. "Every damned one of them reports he can't find a girl named Waring."

He got up and stretched. "It seems she copped a piano and her last known address was a dump on 145th Street."

The phone rang in the next office and I grabbed our receiver. "Yes?" I said, and a man on the other end asked if this was Marescu. I said I was.

"Listen," he said, "I've located that girl—the one you were so anxious to find—Miss Waring. She was dispossessed from her place on 145th Street and the moving man in the neighborhood reports he took a small load for her to East 48th."

I wrote down the address. It was the house on Turtle Bay. "Okay," I said. "Come in tomorrow for your dough."

I had the picture now. Marescu's skip tracing racket was a blind. He'd probably bought up a bunch of bad debts and hired a bunch of tracers and given all of them the job of finding her. And now one of his men had spotted her in the Lovejoy house. If an untrained man could do that, certainly a slick guy like Marescu could do it too.

I SLAMMED out of the office and started on the double for 48th St. All the way I was thinking: What did Marescu want? How did he know the girl had a clavichord? Was he after her, or it?

I collared Bill Lovejoy in his apartment. "Is the girl upstairs?" I asked. He nodded. "Okay," I said. "This thing may break any minute. Get that girl out of the house. Invite her to dinner, a movie, anything. I want at least an hour alone in her flat."

He hesitated. "She's on the level," he began, but I shut him up, and threw his hat and coat at him and shoved him toward the door. "It's for her own good," I said. "Get going!"

I heard them go out in about ten minutes and two minutes later I was in her place. I pulled the curtains and switched on the light. Then I began going over that dinky piano.

I took the legs off and tapped them but they were all solid. I looked at, and thumped, every inch of the case. I ran a wire between the keys. I went over it inside and out, and still I found nothing.

Then, just as I was ready to quit, I threw my flashlight into the middle of the works once more—and I saw something! Wrapped around the shaft of one of the hammers way down near the base end, was something white. I worked it loose with the end of my pen knife blade. It was a roll of linen paper, an inch wide and a couple of inches long and printed on it was this: QX 1234.

I fumbled the thing for a moment trying to figure it out. So far as I could see it wasn't any code that I knew. The thing to do was to get it to Washington as quickly as possible and let the experts try to crack

it, so I chased down to my basement and called in one of my men with instructions to charter a plane out of Newark airport and rush me back the answer, if any. Then I sat down and waited.

It must have been eleven o'clock when I heard Bill and the Waring girl come back. I had a bottle in my bag, so I grabbed it and ran upstairs to intercept them. Some kind of a hunch made me want to keep her out of her flat as long as possible, but I didn't want to tell her why.

They were standing in the hall when I got there and I waved the bottle at them.

"Let's have a celebration," I said, and I gave Bill a poke in the ribs. "In your place."

He understood. "By all means," he said, and without giving her a chance to say "No" he had the door open, and was ushering her inside.

She only took one drink and I was afraid she would want to go, but we got talking about this and that, and she seemed quite content. She said she'd been alone a lot lately and I could see it was a relief to sort of let her hair down and swap yarns.

It was after midnight when we all ran out of wind at the same time.

There was a silence. One of those satisfying silences that come when you've gotten a tingle from a good drink and good companionship. I was half dozing in the chair looking at the girl and thinking how much she looked like one of those watch dials—kind of luminous.

AND then, all of a sudden, I was standing up, all awake.

There was a sound—like a bee in the room—a deep hum.

The girl jumped. "The clavichord!" she said. And then we were all running up the stairs.

Her door was swinging and I jumped in. Bill was right after me and he switched on the lights. A man was lying on his back beside the piano bench with a knife in his throat. His breath whistled once and stopped and I knew he was dead.

I thought of the swinging door and I grabbed Bill Lovejoy. "Show me the way to the roof," I said, and we pushed past the girl and raced up the curving stairs.

It was a flat roof, and so was the next, and the next, joined together by a solid wall, and set apart by low stone copings, the height of a hurdle. Half a block to the west an electric sign made a yellow glow against the sky, and I saw a dark shape a roof away mount the coping like a black bat against the moon. I leveled down and fired once and the figure dropped.

"Stay here," I yelled, and started to run, but young Lovejoy went past me like a track man.

When I got there he had a man by the coat collar, dragging him back, pinning him to the wall.

"Grab his arms," I said, and I threw my flash on him. I heard Bill gasp.

"It's Marescu!" he said.

WE carried him back to the girl's place. I'd hit him low in the right side and the bullet had gone through his stomach. He didn't have long to live. Linda Waring was kneeling over the dead man when we got there. She got up when we came in. "I know this man," she said. "It's Leon Romero." I propped Marescu against the wall. "You know this one?" I asked.

"No," she said. "I never saw him before."

"Okay," I said. "Go downstairs and call the 51st Street Station house. Tell them to send an ambulance and a squad of dicks." She nodded. "And stay there till they come," I said.

As soon as she'd shut the door, I went
(Continued on page 52)

How Can I—a Business Man—Really Learn Law at Home?

YOU are not alone in asking that. Practically every man has seen where knowing law would have helped his success. The structure of business is held together by legal relations—and the man who knows law has a distinct advantage—for himself and his firm.

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Again, legal training gives you what the business world prizes highly and rewards liberally—a keen, analytical mind, the ability to judge shrewdly and to act with surety.

But whether you want law for personal and business values, or intend to prepare for a bar examination, the same problem confronts you. How can you acquire that knowledge?

You can't go back to school or spend years in a law office. But there is one road open to you—home study—a road that some of the greatest leaders have traveled—men like Lincoln, Grant, Disraeli, John Marshall, Coolidge—who mastered this important subject in hours that otherwise would have been wasted.

It can be done, of course—thousands have done it—yet what you want to know is—can you reasonably hope to do it? Will it hold your interest, or will you find it drudgery? And—most important of all—will you really benefit by it?

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And these paragraphs are written to help answer your questions so far as LaSalle law training is concerned. Let's get right down to facts.

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Third: Since text books are of such importance in any study of law, the LaSalle Law Library was prepared by more than twenty law professors—leading teachers in our greatest resident law schools—and three lawyers. Five of these professors—including the editor-in-chief

—have been deans of their schools. One of the editors is now president of a great state university. Also, among the writers of the special lectures are two U. S. Senators, a former U. S. attorney-general, and a Supreme Court Justice of the State of New York.

More, these men—in preparing this Library—kept in mind always that it was to be used for home study. They knew it was for men like you—busy men who would study it at night, on trains, in spare moments in offices or stores—men who must find it clear and engaging, yet complete and reliable. So they wrote directly, simply, interestingly.

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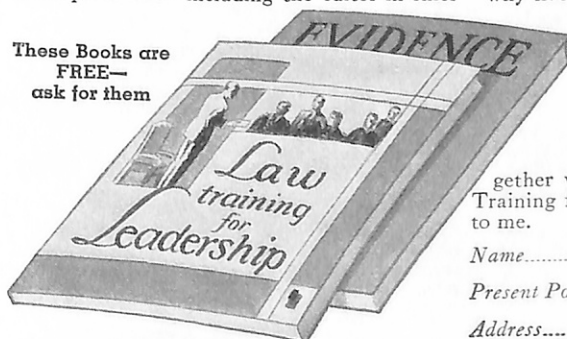
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(Continued from page 51)

over to Marescu, and held out the strip of paper with the printing on it. "What's this mean?" I said. He looked at it and then he looked at me. His face looked like a plaster cast. "I never saw it before," he said.

I saw his eyes studying the figures, and I pulled it away. "But you wanted to see it," I said. He shut his eyes and didn't answer me.

The girl came back, the cop on the beat with her. "What's going on?" he asked. I flashed my badge. "Come in," I said, "and shut the door."

One of my men and an old city detective went to Bellevue with Marescu. We left Romero for the coroner. Then the three of us sat down to talk it over with a man from the homicide squad. Linda was shaky and I made her take another drink.

"Who is this Romero?" I asked.

She shuddered. "It's a rather long story." The homicide man lighted a cigar. "Tell it," he said.

She began, speaking slowly.

"My father died ten years ago, and for five years my mother and I lived very quietly here and abroad. Then five years ago we went to Cannes for the winter, and something happened to Mother. She felt that life was slipping away from her. She wanted gaiety and excitement. In some fashion, she fell into the clutches of this Romero and his brother Luis. She married Luis."

She stopped for a moment and sipped her drink. Then she went on.

"It was intolerable. They were gigolos and worse. They robbed her of most of her money before I could bring her to her senses and get her back to America. But they followed us, and then Mother died without leaving a will."

She shuddered again and got up and crossed the room and sat before the clavichord, touching the keys without playing.

"I knew they would kill me if they had half a chance, so I ran away. I had very little money but I was desperate."

She struck a chord and let it die away.

"I smuggled this out of the house at night, and came to New York." Her fingers fell from the keys. "That's all," she said.

My phone was ringing downstairs and I ran to answer it. It was my man in Washington. "Nothing doing on that code," he said. "They're still working on it."

IT took 50 men two days to locate Luis Romero and then we found him right in our front yard. He was doing time on Welfare Island under an assumed name. But he wouldn't talk.

I got back to the house that second night tired and disgusted, and when Bill and Linda came down I was glad to see them. I pulled out the strip of linen paper and showed them the figures.

"Does this mean anything to you?" I asked. But they both looked blank and shook their heads. "What is it?" Linda asked.

I put it back in my pocket. "The an-

swer," I said. But still she didn't get it.

I told her then how I'd found it in the clavichord and how I'd figured that Leon Romero and Marescu were both after it and had gotten there at the same time—and Marescu had knifed Leon in the fight that followed. But why was a mystery—and would be until I could dope out what the figures meant.

I went to bed soon after that but I couldn't sleep. I knew I was on the verge of breaking a big case, but this code or whatever it was, had me stopped. I dozed off finally with about a million figures

Bill tooled the car into the curb and I jumped out. It was a vacant lot!

The other men came up for instructions and I felt like a sap. We were on the outskirts of one of those real estate developments that never jelled. A couple of blocks away there were some two-family houses that looked as though they'd never been painted. There was a farmhouse and a barn maybe a quarter of a mile ahead. And that was all. Everything else was just flat land with a criss-cross of dirt roads and broken down street signs. There was a white lot marker stuck in the weeds at the corner in front of me and I looked at the numbers. I knew them by heart. We were in the right place, but it didn't make sense.

A couple of the downtown men began asking questions, but I didn't know any answers.

"Wait a minute," I said, and I began walking through the dirty sand and weeds. Then I stopped. Twenty feet ahead of me the haphazard growth stopped abruptly and there was a solid bank of growing stuff. It looked a little like sage. I went forward and pulled a leaf and tasted it. It was marihuana!

I took a quick look before I went back. There must have been ten acres of it—and marihuana cigarettes worth a buck fifty a dozen!

We left a couple of men on guard and I went to Bellevue.

Marescu was pretty far gone but he could listen. "We found Luis," I told him, "and he spilled enough to put you away for keeps even if we can't prove murder." I showed him the strip of paper again. "And we found the stuff in Queens."

He wouldn't talk at first but I kept harping on Romero's squeal and he finally got mad. After that it was simple enough.

I turned the details over to the New York men and went home. The kids were waiting for me in Bill's place, and when I came in Linda started to hand me something, but I was too full of news.

"It's all washed up," I said. "Luis planted the stuff and then hid the key figures in your piano. Marescu knew it and so did Leon and they were both trying to get it while he was locked up on the Island."

I STOPPED for breath and then I noticed for the first time what it was she had in her hand. It was a twenty dollar bill.

"I got my check," she said, "and we are going to keep the piano."

I folded it and put it back in my pocket. "I'm very glad," I said. "Good luck and I hope you'll be happy."

She smiled, and her eyes lighted up in that way that made me feel weak in the knees.

"We will," she said, and after that there was nothing for me to do but grin at Bill and bow to her and go downstairs and make out my report.

You can't mix frills with the Department of Justice.



Drawn by George Shanks

"There, Henry, I told you it was quail—not chicken!"

dancing around in my head and at eight o'clock in the morning, Bill routed me out.

"I've been thinking about those numbers," he said, "and I've got a hunch. Will you give me a copy of them?" I started to refuse. It was too important an element in the case. But he looked so earnest and so damned honest that I gave it to him.

"I'll tell you about it tonight one way or the other," he said, and then he left.

I had a few hunches myself. But they didn't lead anywhere. It was three o'clock when I got back, dizzy from running in circles, and found Bill waiting for me. He was shaking with excitement just the way he had the day he went to get the job.

"I think I've got it," he said. "Anyway, I've got something."

He spread a sheet of paper against the wall. I saw the figures I'd given him and underneath, a street address. "I got it from a man in the city engineer's office," he said.

"It's a lot number in Queens."

It was off the Merrick Road. I shot a call downtown for every available man to meet me and stand by for orders. Then Bill and I grabbed a car and took it on the double across the Queensboro Bridge.

quirrel rifles cracked in the Kentucky forests to spread Crab Orchard's reputation for good living



OVER at the hotel in Crab Orchard, young marksmen from the surrounding country used to find a ready market for squirrels, if they were plump and tender.

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Among the gentry who gathered there were naturally some excellent judges of Bourbon. And those critical gentlemen went away not only with pleasant memories of luscious squirrel pie, or 'possum roasted with sweet po-

tatoes, but also of a marvelously mellow local whiskey, named for the town where it was made.

Gradually the reputation of Crab Orchard Whiskey spread throughout the Blue Grass country — as tales of its goodness, or perhaps a jug for juleps,

were carried home. But for almost sixty years, Crab Orchard remained a local favorite.

Then came the confused days after prohibition. People wanted something hard to find. They wanted a straight whiskey—made the good old-fashioned way — smooth and pleasing to taste — and they wanted a low price.

And because that was exactly what Crab Orchard offered, it became *America's fastest-selling straight whiskey*. Anywhere from Broadway to the Golden Gate, you'll find it the popular favorite today.

Made in old Kentucky
Straight as a string
Smooth and satisfying to taste
Sold at a popular price



Crab Orchard

AMERICA'S FASTEST-SELLING STRAIGHT WHISKEY

*This Emblem
Protects You*

TO BANISH
TIREDNESS QUICKLY...



GET A LIFT
WITH A CAMEL!

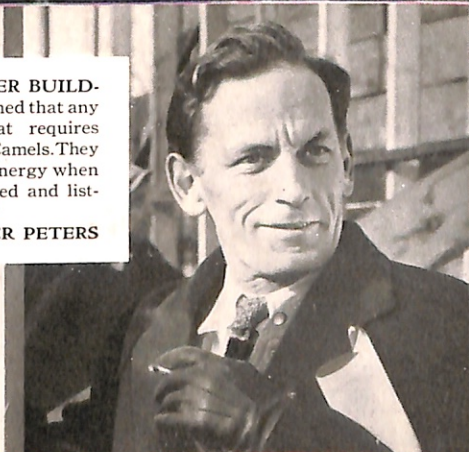


SPEAKING OF THE EXCITING SPORT with which his name has so long been associated, Ray Stevens says: "When the last heat has been run, it's mighty comforting to light up a Camel. That 'let-down' feeling fades away. I enjoy the pleasure of smoking to the full, knowing that Camels *never* bother my nerves!" (Signed) **RAYMOND F. STEVENS**, North American Bob-Sled Champion

"I'M A CAMELSMOKER. Camels restore my 'pep' when I've used up my energy. They taste so good, too. There's nothing like a Camel!" (Signed) **JACK SHEA**, Olympic Champion Speed Skater



"AS A MASTER BUILD-ER, I have learned that any real work that requires 'push' calls for Camels. They give me new energy when I'm feeling tired and list-less." (Signed) **FRAZIER PETERS**



COLLEGE GIRL: "When tired, a Camel makes you feel refreshed." (Signed) **MARGUERITE OSMUN**

LISTEN IN

You'll like the Camel Caravan starring Walter O'Keefe, Annette Hanshaw, Glen Gray's Casa Loma Orchestra over coast-to-coast WABC-Columbia Network.

TUESDAY { 10:00 p.m. E.S.T.
9:00 p.m. C.S.T.
8:00 p.m. M.S.T.
7:00 p.m. P.S.T.

THURSDAY { 9:00 p.m. E.S.T.
8:00 p.m. C.S.T.
9:30 p.m. M.S.T.
8:30 p.m. P.S.T.

MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS IN CAMELS..



"Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS - Turkish and Domestic - than any other popular brand."

(Signed)
R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY
Winston-Salem, North Carolina

Camel's Costlier Tobaccos never get on your Nerves!

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Winston-Salem, N.C.